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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications: and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Mr. Balfour made the usual winding-up motion on Tuesday last, but in an unusual way. Instead of giving a list of bills to be sacrificed, and then of those the Government meant to proceed with, Mr. Balfour merely named certain bills as necessary to be passed in any event, mainly formal measures, leaving it to the Opposition to facilitate or hamper the course of the other bills now in progress. No bill, Mr. Balfour said, which was seriously opposed could have any chance of passing. This new style of winding up did not at all commend itself to the Opposition, and probably as little to the House, if the truth were told. It strikes us as a most inconvenient method of statement. The harvesters of legislation, to use Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's simile, might naturally grumble at so curt a dismissal. If, however, they go home carrying very few sheaves with them, they should remember they have themselves sown an abundance of chaff, from which grain is not to be expected.

Frankly, we do not like Mr. Balfour's way of washing his hands of the legislation of the session. There are so many bills hanging in the balance; it is for you, gentlemen of the Opposition, to say whether they shall be passed or not. If you oppose them, they will not be passed; if you do not, they may be. What becomes of Mr. Balfour's leadership? The conduct of business is in the hands of the Government, not of the Opposition; if they admit that they have lost control of it, that is virtually to abdicate. How can they defend their staying on in office, if they have to ask the Opposition which bills shall be passed and which abandoned? Really Mr. Balfour cannot divest himself of responsibility in this way. He ought to say plainly what bills the Government wish to pass, and if they are not passed, he must bear the responsibility for their failure. Has

the Government no mind of its own? Monday's proceedings leave the unfortunate impression that it has not.

And why this fixed term to the session? Mr. Balfour seems to us to treat as cloth what should be the coat. He cuts the work according to the length of the session; but the duration of the session should depend upon the work. Many of us would like to go home before we have finished our work, being quite as tired as legislators, possibly even as ministers; but the work has to be done. To fix a term, which everyone knows as soon as the House meets, or before, is to invite obstruction. Obviously if the conclusion of the session is a fixed period, the Opposition have it absolutely in their power to reduce the Leader of the House either to abandon his measures or resort to the guillotine. No Government has the pluck to guillotine every measure it wishes to pass, so the Opposition can compel extensive abandonment. In fact during the last weeks, under the fixed term system, it is the Opposition that is in command and not the Government, as Mr. Balfour in effect admitted on Monday.

This makes it clear that it is opposition from the Government side that threatens the Unemployed Bill: which will be no news to anyone "on the inside track". Mr. Balfour admits with bland unconsciousness of any shortcoming in himself that the bill cannot survive unless jettison is made of the clause allowing local authorities to apply certain sums from the rates to establish labour colonies. But he knew it was in the bill when presented to the House? It is a first-class Government measure, and the Government throw over one of its vital provisions without a qualm. How can the Government escape from the dilemma that either they never meant to pass the bill they introduced or they have lost control over their own followers? We fear that their irresponsible treatment of the unemployed problem will sow seeds from which Conservatives will reap a harvest of thorns for many years to come. The appointment of a Poor Law Commission is a very right step; but it will not dispel the bitterness caused by the spoiling of the Unemployed Bill; though we agree that it is better to pass it even in its maimed condition than not at all.

The "Westminster Gazette" brands as unconstitutional the contention of our last week's leader that Mr. Balfour was justified in neither resigning nor dissolving by the fact that he had already embarked upon negotiations for the renewal of the Anglo-Japanese treaty, although we admitted that the Prime Minister had lost his hold upon Parliament and the country. This, argues the "Westminster Gazette", is tantamount to saying that a government which has lost the confidence of the public is not debarred from remaining in office "to complete a transaction in foreign politics which ex hypothesi is so controversial that the opposite party, representing the majority of the country, cannot be trusted to carry it through, if it succeeds to power". But we did not say that the opposite party could not be trusted to renew the Anglo-Japanese treaty because it was a "controversial" transaction. On the contrary, we agree with the "Westminster Gazette" that if the Liberals came in to-morrow there would be no "material change of policy" in the Far East. What we did say was that the Government of Great Britain having embarked upon negotiations with the Government of Japan, the details of which are very important, Mr. Balfour was justified in waiting to see them through, instead of handing over the broken threads to a totally inexperienced Foreign Secretary. We accept Sir William Anson's umpire; and we are quite content to leave the Prime Minister's decision to the judgment of "a reasonable man".

There was no excess of generosity about the statement to the House of Commons in which Mr. Brodrick laid to rest the trouble threatened by Lord Curzon's Simla speech. This was perhaps to be expected as Mr. Brodrick himself had done as much as anyone to provoke it. However his answer to Sir Henry Fowler has served to close an unpleasant incident which at one time seemed in peril of growing to a crisis. Whether Lord Curzon's speech was offensive, as Sir Henry Fowler first described it, or only unconstitutional, according to his later definition, or a temperate and restrained exposition, as the speaker himself considers it, or an indiscretion, as his friends must admit it to be, it is very well from any point of view that it has not turned out to be his viceroyalty's funeral oration. The criticism it has excited will, it may be hoped, prevent it from becoming a precedent. Among the great and varied services which Lord Curzon has rendered during his term of office in India this small matter can be happily forgotten.

In the House of Lords debate on this matter Lord Roberts supported the Viceroy against Lord Kitchener. On a former celebrated occasion in the Upper House he voted against Lord Wolseley, a proceeding for which the army will never forgive him. In the present controversy Lord Roberts is the representative of the old Indian school, which views the arrival of such men as Lord Kitchener, whom Lord Roberts describes as a "stranger", with much disfavour. The Indian army has up till now always been represented as the acme of perfection. Naturally Lord Kitchener's outspoken comments on its efficiency have fluttered many a dove-cote. But there can be no question that the introduction of fresh blood, even into the best ordered armies, is often of considerable benefit.

The tender of his resignation of the 8th division by Sir Reginald Pole-Carew does not surprise us. We have already commented on the gross injustice done to this distinguished officer when he was passed over for a very undistinguished junior, General Douglas, who, as chief staff officer to Lord Methuen, made the arrangements—according to the strict Aldershot pattern, where the battle had often been fought before—for the disaster at Magersfontein; though he subsequently earned, it is true, the title of "Cautious Charley". The authorities complain of the lack of officers; but what can be expected when such things go on? There are always some able men in the army. But, as in all armies, the great difficulty is to find a man who is fit to command in the field, a duty which requires a greater variety of talents than almost any other. In Sir R. Pole-Carew we have an officer who has proved that he

possesses this rare capacity by commanding a division with distinction throughout an arduous phase of the South African War.

In Manchuria both armies would appear to be at a standstill. In Sakhalin the Japanese have pushed ahead so vigorously that the island may be said to be already in their possession. According to an official message, Japanese military administration throughout Sakhalin was proclaimed on Sunday last. From S. Petersburg comes the announcement that the Russians regard the island as "lost for ever", and the department of Posts and Telegraphs has already issued an official notification of the closing of all offices. With Sakhalin in their possession the Japanese will be free to develop their plans for securing the mouth of the Amur. Vladivostok will then be the only place on the coast held by Russia in force, and its chance of holding out for long appears slender when we remember that some portion of Marshal Oyama's forces is working north in order to cut the Kharbin-Vladivostok line.

The Russian Plenipotentiaries have arrived in America and, being the latest novelty, have been received with enthusiasm. The Peace Conference will open on Tuesday next at Portsmouth and the world will not have long to wait before it receives an intimation of the probable result. American journalism has already done its best to injure the success of his mission by attributing to M. Witte a statement of Russian intentions utterly inconsistent with his character as an official of great tact and experience. All his acknowledged utterances are dignified and hopeful. For our own part, while rejecting all legends as to the intentions of both parties, we are not, we are sorry to say, entirely sanguine of the prospect of peace.

Perhaps the most mischievous persons in the modern world are the foreign "correspondents" of the daily newspapers, particularly the "Times". Who these persons are and what is their scale of remuneration it would be interesting to know exactly, though every travelled man can class them pretty accurately. In the chief capitals, such as Paris and Berlin, "our own correspondent" is a journalist pure and simple, who is paid some hundreds a year like any other leader-writer. In more remote or less important centres he is either an Englishman in a small way of business, or he is one of those unfortunates who are obliged for considerations of health or pocket to live abroad. These gentry frequent the club of the place, and pester the attachés for information; or they hang about the Consulates and Embassies, upon one pretence or another, and gather what gossip they can either buy or overhear. This is a fair description of the tribe, though of course it does not cover such men as Blowitz or Dr. Morrison, who devote their lives to their work, and make a career of it.

In former days these correspondents used to cable news or facts, or what they said were such, without comment, and an occasional short extract from a paper of acknowledged standing. And then they were useful instruments, especially when their news was true. From the fact that nowadays these correspondents cable dreary and foolish "leaders" on foreign politics, or piles of extracts from obscure and vulgar foreign newspapers, one is driven to the conclusion that they are paid so much a line, like any other pressman. We are afraid that the late Mr. de Blowitz initiated this change; but what we could stand from a clever man, who did occasionally have a bone of fact thrown to him by some big personage, we cannot stand from these anonymous meddlers, without brains and without conscience, who do not care whether their "copy" is true or false, provided it is sensational. Who has forgotten the Pekin massacre, or the memorial service that was nearly held at S. Paul's?

How are people in this country to know what value to attach to the extracts from foreign newspapers, with which, whenever there is a crisis on, these correspondents make up their tale of bricks. By a judicious selection from "Reynolds" and the labour organs of

the lower type, a Frenchman or a German might easily be persuaded that England was on the verge of a revolution. Such is the superstitious authority still attaching to anonymous print, particularly in the "Times", that these nobodies frequently bring two nations to the verge of war. During the past year everything that could be done to breed bad blood between this country and Russia, and between this country and Germany, has been done by these "gobemouches", who, if their identity were known, would merely excite laughter. And now once more the peace negotiations offer them a glorious opportunity. We can only hope that for the ensuing month sensible men will remember Disraeli's warning against "the hare-brained chatter of irresponsible frivolity".

On both sides of the Channel considerable enthusiasm has been excited by the return visit of the French Fleet which will arrive in English waters on Monday. It is easy to exaggerate the significance of the event. Still international courtesies of this kind are all to the good, even though the ostentation with which they are proclaimed in the Press may rob them of a certain amount of dignity. Naturally everything will be done to make our French friends as welcome as they made the British Fleet at Brest. The programme includes a variety of functions not only at Portsmouth, but in the capital itself; the most suggestive item in the arrangements is the luncheon which is to take place in Westminster Hall on Saturday next, when both the Prime Minister and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman are expected to be present.

We do not derive much encouragement from the record of the last week regarding Moorish affairs. It seems that the negotiations for the constitution of the conference are really approaching a conclusion but the prospects of harmony when that meeting takes place do not grow more brilliant. The panic originally prevailing in France is giving way to a very natural feeling of irritation that they have allowed themselves to be bluffed and the irritation will not be allayed by the further reflection that France might have anticipated Count von Tattenbach a year ago. We think it by no means improbable that that astute gentleman has been trying to engineer one or two "deals" for German benefit, being well aware that he is liable to be disowned in case of remonstrance though he is only doing what the strenuous agents of all Powers do. Counter-charges are made against certain French firms of assisting the Pretender with arms, and the French retort that the Pretender's continued activity is due to the culpable procrastination of Germany, which hinders the commencement of the French régime of law and order. The fact that it did not begin a year ago makes us doubt its ultimate advent.

The liquidation of Heligoland proceeds apace. Since the island was handed over to Germany in 1890 it has lost nearly a quarter of its superficial area, and this in spite of the heroic efforts of German engineers to shore it up. We fear that the subsidence of the equivalent for our predominance in Zanzibar will not allay Anglophobe fury. The wisdom of this "graceful concession" on our part is now clearly demonstrated though questioned at the time by the Teutophobes of that day. After all it seems as if Nature herself does her best to emphasise the Machiavellian astuteness of our negotiators who did not hesitate to satisfy the clamour of the Pan-Germans for the restoration of the Holy Island. If we remember that originally the island belonged to Denmark and not to a German State, we can descry Nemesis behind Nature.

The Scandinavian scare, which may be considered a subdivision of the great anti-British coalition scare, seems for the moment to be calming down. With the appointment of a new Swedish Ministry charged to take up negotiations with Norway we may expect to find the quarrel between them subside gradually. The tie was never anything but artificial and if a Danish prince should ultimately ascend the Norwegian throne, it would be in the nature of a throwback to earlier times. The suggestion of an attempt to constitute the Baltic a

"mare clausum" was mere journalistic ingenuity. The appearance of our fleet in those waters as a "protest" will hardly do, seeing that the visit was arranged long ago. There is a humour more than Teutonic in the suggestion of one German paper that the visit of our fleet is clearly a pacific action as it might so easily be "bottled up" in the Baltic when once inside.

The "Daily Express" on Thursday supplied the British public with the fullest and most accurate account of recent events in Crete that has yet appeared. Prince George's régime has certainly not been a success, as Lord Percy virtually admitted in the House on Thursday; the Prince has exercised with little discretion the autocratic powers with which he was vested, originally with the consent of the Cretans. As a matter of fact they were little worse off under the Turks. It was said that the Prince's secretary exercised too much influence with his master, and in consequence of his interference with the Government M. Venizelos, now the leader of the insurrectionary movement, resigned. It was also said that the Prince's satellites endeavoured to injure him afterwards in his trade or profession of a lawyer, so he betook himself to the time-honoured resource of his countrymen in difficulties and engineered an insurrection. This was the gossip in Athens a few months ago where impartial foreigners did not conceal their opinion that annexation to Greece meant an increase of burdens for the Cretans and increased appointments for needy Athenian lawyers.

But an insurrection on a Greek island is light opera or burlesque. The Opposition instead of going on the stump goes on the hills and with little more damage to themselves or their opponents. The summer climate in the highlands is salubrious and the nights pleasant; the insurgents live on their opponents' cattle or are fed by sympathisers. There is occasionally some "sniping" which is as a rule of the nature of an exhilarating pastime rather than a game of life and death. In the early times of the foreign occupation, while the Turks were still on the island, the days when each were to take the field were arranged beforehand between the Turks and the insurgents. When the Turks were out the latter kept indoors or away in the hills, and the Turks took care not to be out when the Cretans arranged a firing party.

Germany seems at last to have given a satisfactory undertaking to place Australian trade with the Marshall Islands on an equitable basis. The Jaluit Company, who were entrusted with the administration of the group, have for years set themselves deliberately to crush out Australian competition. To this end they increased the licence fee imposed on Australian ships from £50 per voyage to £225 per month and when even that proved insufficient to kill the Australian trade the tax was raised to £450 per month, equal, as the Agent-General for New South Wales has explained, to a tax of 30s. per ton on the copra taken away in Australian ships. Still the Australians persisted, and the Jaluit Company then put on an export duty of 30s. per ton, making the whole burden £3 per ton. In British protected groups a nominal £100 per annum per ship is the only imposition. Representations to Berlin were of little avail until the Australians began to retaliate by cancelling orders with German firms. As German trade with Australia is worth some six and a half millions a year, the practical Teutonic mind realised that more was to be lost than gained by a continuance of the Jaluit methods. Free traders might take note of this incident.

Agitation has failed to convince Mr. Balfour that there is need for serious apprehension as to the consequences of the purchase by a German syndicate of a Welsh coalfield. The information at the disposal of the Government "does not lead them to believe that there is a German syndicate in treaty for any area or any important area or any area at all of the steam coal used in His Majesty's navy". If necessity arises, Mr. Balfour thinks it would not be difficult to deal with the matter. A measure might be passed modifying the right of foreigners to possess real property in Great Britain, or so far as that right conflicted with the naval and military interests of the

Empire. Such a measure might be regarded by some people as tantamount to closing the stable door after the horse had bolted, but the point to be borne in mind in a matter of this sort is that the last move is always with the Imperial Government.

The majority report of the Select Committee appointed to consider the agreement between the Postmaster-General and the National Telephone Company endorses the decision of the Government to purchase the existing system, but a minority report, for which Mr. Benn is principally responsible, opposes the terms of the agreement. It was in the minds of many an open question whether the State would not be better advised to start an entirely new plant and leave the company to die a natural death in 1911. After reviewing the matter in all its bearings the Committee declare that the policy of purchase is in the public interest. But there is a possible danger as to which telephone experts are fully alive. Between now and January 1912 the company might do many things which could hardly be considered of national utility. Their action in the laying down of plant for instance in the next six years should be subject to the closest scrutiny. The Committee recommend arbitration, and it will be for the arbitrators to pronounce on such points as these when they are called upon to decide the value of the concern taken over by the State.

On the whole the most difficult problem before the Committee was to determine the rights of municipalities. They were properly anxious that nothing should be done to check municipal telephone enterprise, and now suggest that a pledge be given by Parliament which will safeguard the municipalities from prejudice and guarantee the continuance of the granting of licences on terms not more onerous than those already existing. On the face of it it might appear that there is no more reason why municipalities should enjoy special telephone facilities than peculiar postal privileges, but the Committee are strongly in favour of the rights of local autonomy in telephones. Lord Dalkeith recently expressed apprehension that the acquisition of the telephones by the Post Office may not be for the general benefit. Lord Stanley in reply shows why a better and a cheaper service ought to be the result. The only people who, whatever other privileges may be granted, will not get all from the Government that they get now from the company are the local authorities whose wayleave claims will probably be disallowed.

The International Statistical Institute held its meetings in London during the week after an absence of twenty years. The delegates were welcomed by the Prince of Wales, whose grandfather the Prince Consort induced the famous statistician Quetelet to bring about the International Congress which met for the first time in Brussels in 1853. To-day we are so accustomed to refer questions to "the arbitrament of figures" that it is difficult to believe little more than half a century divides us from the time when the most casual returns of births and deaths and of trade were all that were considered necessary. Lord Onslow, as President of the British society, claimed that statisticians have no theories, no dogmas. They pursue truth and truth only. Of statisticians as statisticians so much may no doubt be said. The difficulty is that statistic has not yet been reduced to an exact science from which appeal is impossible. Otherwise how does it happen that two experts like Professor Hewins and M. Yves Guyot will take the same set of figures and extract totally opposite morals from them?

Few at any time have rivalled "J. P. B." at his best. He is a true orator. Only he could have extracted humour out of a Scotch Church Debate. But on Monday in the House of Lords this Scottish quarrel inspired him with a brilliant definition of "equitable" as "permission to do what you had a mind to do but could not give a good reason for". Lord Robertson is a "prelatist" and so as "a malignant and a heretic" he will probably, as he says, stand in the black books of both Wees and Frees, especially if he tells them that their consciences are "extremely sensitive" about an "extremely imperceptible difference".

THE PIVOT OF EUROPE.

THE arrival of the off season finds Europe in the grip of a *crise des nerfs*, the journalists of all countries giving rein to portentous conjectures, every one excelling the other in terror. The "Gil Blas" appears to be responsible for the most blood-curdling announcement of all, which is nothing less than a coalition of Scandinavia, Germany, Russia, and the Sultan against England, though it is not very clear what the coalition is to do when it is formed or what quarrel Denmark, Sweden and Norway have against us, or how it would benefit them to shut up the Baltic and put their own heads in the lion's mouth to spite us, or why again the Sultan should desire to exalt Russia at our expense. The absurdity of these canards only requires examination to become clear, but that they should revive day after day in new forms in newspapers which should know better than to print them is in itself a symptom of a feverish condition of the European pulse.

If the Kaiser, as his detractors say, is never so happy as when he is riding the whirlwind, he must be pleased to-day with the flutter he has created; but if the British were not so sensitive, and France were not conscious of having inflicted upon herself a needless humiliation, these alarms would hardly obtrude themselves into respectable newspapers. The strange thing about Englishmen is that, while professing constant suspicion of the designs of other Powers, we do nothing to furnish ourselves with an army wherewith to encounter the dangers which we always profess to see thickening around us. We have always deprecated the blatant campaign of unfriendliness to Germany which has raged in this country for some years, but it would be foolish not to reckon with all the possibilities of the international situation as it stands to-day, for by the temporary collapse of Russia it has been very seriously modified since the opening of the war. Germany has now become indisputably the pivot upon which turns the future of Europe, and we do not deny that if her ambitions are pushed to their extreme conclusions we might be forced to engage in hostilities in order to save ourselves as well as Europe. But the same crisis might arise under other conditions with a too powerful Russia; on the whole its advent is highly improbable. Filibustering attacks by predatory Powers on their neighbours' property are very improbable to-day and we do not anticipate a reproduction of the partition of Poland in Scandinavia or the Netherlands or even in Turkey. There would be sufficient solidarity in Europe to resist with success such attempts. The game would be too risky and no nation, however strong, desires to face an inevitable coalition of other Powers. We can see only in the hunger for new markets a possible cause for aggressive wars. We do not believe that in the modern world a war of pure greed and ambition is at all a likely event, and the attacks upon the Kaiser in this and other countries almost always represent him as planning coups which could be engineered only for purposes of pure ambition. Cool examination makes it very difficult to discover where the interests of Germany inevitably clash with our own. National expansion is a necessity for Germany to-day and she can only find scope for this in Asiatic Turkey or South America. It seems certain that her development in the first direction would bring her into hostile contact with Russia, and we have always held that good policy bade us encourage her in the building of the Baghdad railway which was looked upon by Russia with grave suspicion. To help to land Germany in that thankless enterprise would have been about the most profitable way for ourselves to gain her goodwill, but as it was we took a line that was neither friendly nor politic. Germany again fears that in South America we should be found opposed to her ambitions, and if the day should come which she thought opportune for making acquisitions in that quarter, she believes that we should not stand aside but would be found actively helping the United States. It seems poor policy enough that we should help our greatest rival against a lesser one, but in the present state of public opinion there can be little doubt that we should

successfully prevent the German fleet from ever reaching America at all. There remains one other means whereby German power might be enormously increased. This, of course, is by the acquisition of the German-speaking parts of Austria and possibly of Trieste and the Southern provinces. This would be a change of the gravest moment to the rest of Europe, at all events to France, to Italy and to Russia; after all it only remotely concerns ourselves. But the Kaiser foresees that public opinion in this country would insist on the Government taking a hand in the struggle against the rise of a new Louis XIV., so that here again he has to provide against British hostility.

The unfortunate part of the whole business is that, whereas no object of German ambition vitally affects us, we are likely either through suspicion of the Kaiser or friendliness to some party vitally concerned, to take up the cudgels against Germany. The best thing for ourselves and the world would have been to work in harmony with German aims so far as possible, but if popular feeling has been stirred up to such a pitch as to make that impossible for some time to come we must face the alternative of an unfriendly Germany always on the lookout to inflict pin-pricks on us and foment Russian hostility. The combination of these two Powers is the most unfortunate for ourselves, and it is a possibility we may have to face if better relations with Germany cannot be established. A good understanding with Germany would be the object of a Ministry that sought the public interest rather than popular applause. But for the moment we are in love with France, and Germany in her present state of irritation looks upon all these naval celebrations not as courtesies merely but as demonstrations against herself. Of course officially they have no such meaning, and indeed the cynical observer who remembers that four or five years ago war with France was said to be "inevitable" will reflect that if the loves of the British people are not "unlucky" they are too often "short-lived", and that we may love to-morrow where we hate to-day. But for the moment we are bound to assist French policy, and French irritation over Morocco grows daily. The prospect of any effective action on the part of the French Government in that country does not seem to grow brighter. We fear it will hardly add to their attachment to us when they contemplate the actual outcome of the Anglo-French Agreement. It does not increase a man's self-respect and love for his neighbours to observe that his partner has secured all he wanted while he himself has through his own slackness received no equivalent. The awkwardness of our own position lies in the fact that while we are morally bound to back France we have no material interest in the success of her efforts. When the conference arrives, we may expect a good deal of soreness and ill-feeling to make itself felt. No doubt we shall do our best to play the honest broker, but in the last resort it will be on Germany's action that the European situation hinges. Within the last few weeks the Kaiser has more than recovered the ground he seemed to have lost. He occupies to-day much the same position that Napoleon III. held in the late 'fifties of the last century. This is only emphasised by the splenetic outbursts of our own press and the French. They who pursued the futile policy of putting this country on bad terms with Germany and Russia at the same time seem to be near the realisation of their dream. It is a very foolish one as events are showing, and the wise statesman will do his best to establish at least "non-nagging" relations with both those Powers.

POLITICAL MOVEMENT IN RUSSIA.

WE learn from authentic Russian sources that it is the Tsar's intention on the first anniversary of his son's birth to announce from the Moscow Kremlin the convocation of a National Assembly. If this statement be correct, it may be assumed that the measures for the Bouluiguin programme of reform are moving apace, in spite of the strong adverse feeling rife amongst the numerous extreme sections of the re-

formers. The scheme has once more been submitted by the Tsar to the Ministerial Committee and at the last Privy Council presided over by the Emperor several of its reactionary clauses have been amended, purged of vexatious hair-splitting restrictions, and rendered far more generous than in their initial stages. Until the promulgation of this anxiously awaited measure of reform has taken place it would be fatuous on our part to attempt to define, from the mere suggestions to hand by cable at the moment of going to press, what the National Assembly, which it is the Tsar's intention to call together, is actually destined to be. But there seems to be no room for any further doubt—in spite of the current sinister prognostications to the contrary based on conjectures sprung from "no information" regarding the meeting of the two "Emperor-conspirators"—that the Tsar has finally publicly reiterated his decision long since arrived at, and to convoke an Assembly of the representatives of his people as soon as the Bouluiguin bill is passed by his Council. The decision as to certain details is to be held in abeyance until the meeting of the National Assembly (whose convocation is not thereby to be delayed) shall have deliberated upon and voted such further alterations as shall be deemed necessary.

Ample evidence is forthcoming of the unprecedented license which is being permitted meanwhile for the expression of public feeling. The police, it is true, intervened at the recent Zemstvo Congress in Moscow, and registered a protest in accordance with the established regulations. But after this formal enactment the congress was allowed to proceed undisturbed. The chaos of divergent opinions, lengthy discussions of trivialities, together with proposals of a rabidly revolutionary and impractical tendency, afford a striking example of the utter incapacity of the Russian both by temperament and training to legislate according to the democratic parliamentary principles of the West which the congress was especially desirous to imitate. In the full enjoyment of unwonted liberty of speech, the delegates resembled so many caged birds suddenly released and fluttering against every obstacle in their way to the detriment of their own flight. One member proclaimed, with possibly greater truth than he imagined, that if the constitution which they were gathered together to introduce should be adopted, Russia would astonish the whole world by her gigantic social strides. Another speaker advocated, not only equal and complete enfranchisement for every male Russian from the noble to the peasant, but also full and equal female suffrage. When it came to actual business, out of over two hundred delegates there were only eight voters on one resolution, seven for and one against it. The authorities have perhaps not been altogether unwise in allowing this congress to ventilate its grievances. Revolutionary criticism of the Bouluiguin scheme could but tend to strengthen the expediency of its main points. Many of the delegates were disappointed to find that the ruling of the congress was calculated to stir up rather than to allay disaffection. To use its own expression, it "has been productive of elaborate word-spinning". Its "grand remonstrance", five newspaper columns in length and full of ancient history, is a loud but hardly "crushing" indictment of the Government. There is in fact little to choose between its clauses and the coincident revolutionary propaganda of Father Gapon. Its appearance is singularly inopportune coming as it does on the eve of the convocation of the National Assembly. A touch of ironic humour was evinced in the conduct of the leading delegate from Kursk, who, after listening to the heated arguments of his colleagues, withdrew from the congress, remarking that he found the Tsar preferable to any revolutionary substitutes, an opinion in which he was upheld by the withdrawal of a considerable following. The determined and resolute protest of the minority shows upon what lines the best mind of the country is likely to work for reforms. During the last few months a society has come into existence which already numbers over a thousand members known as "Monarchical Progressists". Here lies the stronghold of what we have throughout termed the passive resisters, who perceive no legislative incongruity in government through an enfranchised people by autocracy. Of such

a form of government they are staunch supporters, being absolutely convinced that in her present critical state of transition it is the only fitting legislature for their country. Their numbers include professors and graduates from the leading universities, teachers, men of science and representatives of all classes and denominations. Professors and university men, it should be borne in mind, have always formed a dominating minority in the internal affairs of Russia, albeit their principles have usually been accepted by the outside world as of a distinctly revolutionary character.

Admiral Rojdestvensky's report on Tsu Shima has unfortunately still further biased the views of those who believe in and apparently desire the mutiny of the Tsar's forces, naval and military. The incapacity and mutinous behaviour of the crews of Nebogatov's squadron are the outcome of the same disastrous system which led to a similar catastrophe in the Black Sea. The Russian navy has always been overmanned. In 1904 with a fleet one and a half times smaller than that of France, she nevertheless had 12,500 more sailors in her navy. As a consequence of overcrowding, the standard of the men enrolled has remained low. There has been no careful selection of picked seamen from the mercantile marine and coast trade—men accustomed to and preferring sea life. When war broke out the already cumbersome numbers of seamen were hastily increased to meet the sudden demand for manning the newly commissioned ships and filling up wastage. It is of these heterogeneous raw recruits, composed for the most part of men who never acquire their sea legs, and drawn from material contaminated by the revolutionary anarchist, that Rojdestvensky complained in his report. The laudable example of devotion to duty exhibited by all the officers and the bulk of the men in the fatal sea battle and in the Black Sea incident sufficiently proves that the real personnel of the Russian navy, like that of the army, is steadfastly loyal and brave to self-sacrifice. Attempts are still being made unduly to magnify the consequences of the recent interview between Tsar and Kaiser. Exaggerating conjecturers have ventured to interpret the meeting of the two Sovereigns as an intention on the part of the German Emperor to sow the seeds of discord in the present international relations of European Powers. To us this private interview of the two rulers taken in conjunction with M. Witte's mission to France on his way to the Conference in America appears on the contrary to augur well for the maintenance of a general peace and good understanding of the Powers concerned. The event moreover suggests a certain guarantee for public confidence in the sincerity of the Tsar's purpose to develop his domestic and foreign policy upon the broadest admissible lines. It is an assurance of peace and justice to his people and the safety and stability of his multi-racial empire. No authentic information as to the real purport of the meeting of the two monarchs is likely to be forthcoming. The peace negotiations and the internal state of Russia would doubtless have precedence in their discussions. It is after all but natural that the Tsar should have taken advantage of the Kaiser's proximity to discuss the critical situation with the Sovereign who is his personal friend and the ruler of a country connected with Russia by ties of blood and traditional friendship. In the Kaiser the Tsar sees besides an example of a ruler who can combine a constitutional government with a plenitude of personal power. This combination is a far nearer approach to the present national and autocratic ideal of government for Russia than is offered by any other form of government in Europe. In his momentous task of remodelling the Russian polity therefore, the Tsar could hardly have a more competent adviser upon many crucial matters than so bold a master of statecraft as the German Emperor. That M. Witte, who carries with him the Tsar's power of attorney at the Peace conference, with the right of direct communication with his Sovereign, should first have visited Paris is not surprising. As a preliminary to discussing terms of peace which may possibly involve Russia in a heavy monetary indemnity an

interview between the accredited plenipotentiary and the premier of her ally and chief creditor was of primary importance. It is known too that M. Witte is an advocate of an eventual alliance with Japan. In such an alliance, with England and France as parties to the cause, he foresees the only solution to the Far Eastern problem. If peace were obtained upon "not dishonourable terms", the settlement of Russia's internal troubles would follow as a secondary matter, comparatively easy of attainment.

In the meantime it is sincerely to be hoped that the press of all countries will adopt a duly responsible tone in any comments on the peace negotiations. It is not very likely indeed that either the Russian or Japanese Commissioners would be seriously influenced by anything a newspaper might have to say, but public opinion in Japan is exceedingly sensitive to press comment and in Russia the revolutionary elements are glad to exploit any foreign opinions unfavourable to the Government. It cannot be easy for the plenipotentiaries of either country to accomplish their mission in the spirit that makes for peace if public opinion is excited and inflamed. They may attach no value to this opinion, but it may none the less be difficult for them to ignore it.

LORD ROBERTS AS PROPHET.

LORD ROBERTS has once again startled us by a dramatic pronouncement on Imperial defence. The plain man is bewildered. He does not know what to think about the vital problem. The Prime Minister—presumably with the whole of the Defence Committee behind him—announces that the invasion of these islands is not a contingency which need be seriously considered. Yet within a few weeks his utterances are largely discounted by the principal expert member of that august body, who, though not now holding any official post, has been specially retained at a fee of £5,000 a year in order that the Defence Committee might obtain the benefit of his matured views. It would be interesting to know what advice he has tendered to the Defence Committee, and how far his colleagues have been in agreement with him. For the results produced are certainly contradictory. We are ready to give Lord Roberts every credit for his services to the Empire, but it is only fair to the Government to remember that until quite recently he was Commander-in-Chief, and that, owing to the great prestige which attached to his name, he was in an exceptionally favourable position to make his voice heard. Hence it is reasonable to ask whether he then held such decidedly pessimistic views, and, if so, what steps he took to inaugurate a better state of things. What advice, in fact, did he tender to the Government, when he was in the most authoritative position to advise?

We have no hesitation in saying that Lord Roberts' premisses and deductions are sound. Indeed over and over again, long before he spoke, we have maintained that our military forces were dangerously weak; that our auxiliaries were totally unfit to take the field against the regular troops of other European countries; and that the lessons of the South African war, as regards the value of irregular forces, were to a large extent illusory. We also entirely agree with Lord Roberts in thinking that the general state of our military forces is more unsatisfactory now than it was in 1899. And in insisting on the deficiency of officers Lord Roberts did the nation a great service; he was well advised in recalling the dangerously weak condition of our land force in the early months of 1900, after the Eighth Division had sailed, although his picture of the lack of regular troops available was slightly overdrawn. So far Lord Roberts' contentions are sound, and cannot be traversed. But the conclusions are not equally satisfactory. The only logical inference which can be drawn from his very fair summary of the existing military situation is that conscription, and nothing less, is necessary to meet our wants. But at this point Lord Roberts fails, and his conclusions are vague, inconclu-

sive, and insufficient. To put it plainly, he has not the courage of his convictions, which can lead to nothing else than conscription—a consummation which he scouts. He maintains that “there is now no option but to introduce universal training and service for home defence”; and that a necessary part of such a scheme is “the training of all boys and youths, up to the time of their reaching the military age, in drill and rifle shooting”. No one of course will deny that the realisation of these ideals would be an enormous gain. But something more than such a very general statement of the requirements of the case is needed. How is this ideal to be reached? Clearly a mere system of school training and rifle clubs—which Lord Roberts’ plan in effect amounts to—is not enough. This would simply produce a somewhat colourless facsimile of the existing volunteer, whose liability to go to the “seat of war or not” would depend on the “will of the nation at the time”, whatever that may mean. Generally therefore we hold that, in spite of the admirable arguments with which the ex-Commander-in-Chief has introduced his proposals, they are far too vague and undefined in their present form; the eternal military problem cannot be solved in so half-hearted a fashion.

Half-hearted measures of this nature are not enough. It is a question of conscription or nothing. Still it is a satisfactory sign of the times that the question of universal training—though few have the hardihood to utter the bogey-word conscription—is now being freely discussed: and at last the extremely valuable report of the Norfolk Commission is receiving its due share of attention. Nevertheless we very much fear that the present agitation will lead to very little. Previous experience shows that it is almost impossible to rouse the British nation to take a serious view of such matters, unless war is actually upon them; though then they are ready to make any efforts and any sacrifices. But unfortunately it is an ever-recurring feature of our military history that, when once a great war has more or less satisfactorily been concluded, the British public is persuaded there can never be another. So it has been all through our history. Reduction took place after the Peace of Paris, and the American War of Independence found us lamentably unprepared. The Napoleonic wars once over, nothing could arouse the nation till the Crimea and the Mutiny showed up our shortcomings, and after that we again went to sleep until another great crisis arose in the South African War. Then occurred the one great opportunity in our generation for inaugurating a satisfactory system of conscription or universal training. By the black week of December 1899 the nation was profoundly stirred, and at that time it would have been possible to introduce and pass some legislative measure for compulsory military service. But the opportunity went by. Will it recur except in the form of a very grave national disaster?

SIR WILLIAM ANSON'S CHARGE.

EDUCATION is so repugnant to the English mind that the first qualification required of an education minister should be the power to make his subject interesting. He and he only has the opportunity, at any rate once a year, to catch the public ear on questions of national education. It is recognised that the Secretary to the Board of Education has the right once a year to inflict his subject on the House of Commons, and if he is able to make it interesting, the House will listen to what he has to say, and a good portion of the public will read him the next day. This annual charge is a great responsibility, personally an even greater responsibility than the work of administration. Administration is in the hands of a number of capable officials, who can keep their parliamentary chiefs right in details and can be trusted loyally to carry out any new departure in policy the chiefs may require of them. But the permanent officials can assist but little in the appeal to the public. Their very work precludes their addressing themselves to the nation either by speech or in writing. That duty must fall wholly on the ministers representing the Board of Education in the two Houses of Parliament: its importance is evident the moment one con-

siders, and very little consideration is enough, that in a popularly-governed country you can not do very much without the goodwill of the public. Its difficulty lies in the disposition of the party appealed to. It is easier to get the ear of a hostile meeting, and even to convert it, than of an indifferent one. Mere antagonism will often make a hostile audience listen to what you have to say. But indifferent listeners you have first to attract. It is certain you can not by speaking persuade those who do not hear you, though it is by no means certain you will persuade those who do. Education ministers have to coax Parliament and the country into hearing them at all. Realising the enormous importance of education to the national character, its increasing urgency in the competition with other countries, and feeling how much more could be done, and how much more effectually, if the country really cared about education instead of sullenly or, when in its best temper, good-humouredly tolerating it, an education minister must be sorely tempted to scold rather than persuade, and finding scolding ineffective, as of course it always is, wrap himself up in contempt for his countrymen and their Parliament. Therefore education ministers, we have always felt, ought to be nothing less than orators, whom the very difficulty of the rhetorical feat required of them would stimulate to great things. They ought of all things to have the orator's art to clothe things ordinary and dull with a romantic interest. And, however impatient Parliament and the country may be of the details of educational machinery, there are many aspects of educational work which we are sure a minister with imagination, even a little of it, could make attractive and almost compelling in their interest. The blame for popular indifference does not rest wholly with the indifferent. Until quite lately nearly all whose business was with education, especially the Parliamentarians, put everything they had to say in a manner of such deadly dullness that we do not wonder the public refused to attend to them. It is only quite lately that in educational debates the child has appeared at all. One might have thought that human nature was the last thing education had anything to do with. We have advanced on this lately. It is possible now to infer from an education minister's charge that we are dealing with living and not dead things. But there is still room for very great improvement. If an education minister wants to get at Parliament and the country, he should drop all reference to details of machinery, he should avoid statistics, and scrupulously ignore subjects and curricula. The irksomeness of “school”, that is, work in class, is never forgotten; members of Parliament, like the rest of us, will not consent to be put to school again even for an hour. The survey of the year's work should take the form of a story, whose movement can easily be followed. There should be a just perspective. Let the text be boys and girls, what the Government hope to make them, how they hope to do it, and how they are getting on. Told on those lines, the education statement could be made interesting by any competent speaker; an orator would make it intensely fascinating. Sir William Anson's statement this year was not uninteresting to the initiated; and it was by no means unsatisfactory. But what impression would it leave on the ordinary listener? After he has listened to the end, would one single idea be clearly impressed upon him? Would he be able to picture to himself the movement in school-life in this country? Would he come away with any definite notion what were the special things to aim at or where was the weak point? We think not. Neither Lord Londonderry nor Sir William Anson is a man of imagination, neither of them is an orator in any sense; so we cannot expect a brilliant picture of their field of work. But they could both do something better than the bald and formal exposition which is all we get now. What is the good of troubling the House with the details of the curriculum of a training-college? Tell the House what their ideal of a teacher is, and how they propose to get him or her, and the House will consider what is said; but it will never listen to talk about second and third and fourth year students. Sir John Gorst, somewhat curiously, for he has not a warmly human style of speaking, has always succeeded in humanising educational questions. His annual charges are by very far

the best Parliament has known. It was very striking on Tuesday to observe how he managed to make some of the points that fell dead from Sir William Anson's lips live. The case of children under five years of age Sir William Anson presented as a rule or proviso of a code, or it might be a sub-section. The last thing that arose before one's mind was a baby of three or four. Sir John Gorst talking of babies who did not want to be taught but to be nursed, some motherly old person who was fond of children being far better for them than a trained certificated teacher, opened our eyes: the absurdity of wasting money in trying to teach these babies became apparent at once.

Sir John Gorst has a sense of perspective. He takes certain vital issues and gives them concrete form. He took on Tuesday the point of the child's physical fitness to be taught. That is a vital question on which the country must make up its mind. Are we to go on for ever paying for the teaching of children who cannot be taught? A hungry child cannot be taught; a child that is ill, or very weak, cannot be taught. How is that situation to be met? We call ourselves practical and yet we go on year after year wasting money on teaching children who cannot learn, instead of spending it on making them fit to learn. If they cannot be made fit to be taught, it is idle to make the attempt and it is cruel to force them. Our foreign rivals have grasped the situation in a much more practical way than we have.

One more definite issue would have been enough to fill Sir William Anson's charge. Instead of minutiae as to the training of teachers, why did he not exhibit the Government's ideal of what the teacher ought to be? What sort of person do they want for the work? What can be expected from the present teacher? In that way he might have got the House really to consider the teacher problem, which is the key to every educational question. Is it strange that compulsory education is meagre in its results, when the average teacher is superior in nothing to the children he teaches, a half-educated person of vulgar manners and the narrowest experience, whose English accent is a terror to the inspector, who does not dare to say so? The present type of teacher has excellent qualities of character, but not those required for teaching. All the authorities know it, but they can do nothing until they have the country behind them. Maybe we shall one day have an education minister great enough to get the country to look this matter in the face, and admit the truth; when it will earnestly beg the authorities to get the right men and right women for this work at any cost.

THE RIGHT USE OF STATISTICS.

THE assembly in London this week of statisticians from the four corners of the earth provides a convenient opportunity for an attempt to explain the nature, object and right use of statistics. The political controversies of the last two years have aroused an extraordinary amount of interest in this subject, followed very frequently by abuse and vituperation due to its complexity and difficulty of apprehension. We often hear that statistics can be made to prove anything. The charge is not only untrue, but reveals at the same time utter and complete ignorance of what statistic is. It might be contended, with equal justice, that logic is false because the judgments of certain people are at variance, or that the teachings of science are unworthy of credence because the interpretations of its votaries are not always in entire agreement. What is statistic? The word is of comparatively recent origin, no traces of it being discoverable before about 1800. It certainly is not to be found in Johnson. It appears originally to have meant "the branch of political knowledge which treats of the actual and relative powers of the several modern states, the power arising from their natural advantages, the industry and civilisation of their inhabitants".* At the present time it would be most generally held that statistic is the science which deals with all the social phenomena that are capable of measurement, or as

has been more concisely defined by M. Rouvier, the present French Premier, "the science of social facts expressed by numerical terms". Such a definition is so wide and comprehensive that it seems arrogant to claim for statistics, as some of its most enthusiastic followers have done, that it is "the science which treats of the structure of human society". The last definition is far too extensive and is incapable of providing any clear line of separation between the branches of knowledge which are within its purview and those which are not.

It appears to us more accurate and in stricter agreement with historical fact to adopt the first definition. Only such social phenomena as are capable of measurement are included within its range; as soon as any such phenomena emerge from the qualitative to the quantitative states they become suitable subjects for the application of the statistical method. An example will illustrate our meaning: the mere record of the goods exchanged by the ancient Phœnicians with the Kelts who inhabited Cornwall is of no statistical interest. As soon as the quantities so exchanged are recorded, their interest to the statistician begins. We see then from this instance that magnitude is the first element of statistical as of every metrical science. It differs however from these other sciences in that the unit of measurement is somewhat arbitrary and movable. There is no difficulty in understanding that ten masses of iron each weighing one pound are identical as regards weight and might be identical in every other respect such as shape, composition, and hardness. There is no difficulty in understanding that for some purposes these units might be grouped together, and that we may refer to a mass of ten pounds of iron composed of the separate masses previously mentioned. In dealing with social facts we are frequently confronted with the necessity of "grouping" units essentially dissimilar in character. Thus our records may tell us that ten houses have been demolished in a certain area; this information by itself provides no clue to the real extent and the significance of the demolitions which have taken place—the unit "house" being arbitrary, inconstant, and variable. But if we are told that the operations under examination occurred within a given area and time, and were due to certain causes, and if we know further the relative value of these houses to one another and to others in the same vicinity, the record becomes interesting, useful, and valuable. It is probably no exaggeration that scientific or methodical grouping is of greater importance in statistical science than in any other. The absence of a uniform plan of aggregating a number of units essentially different is a more fruitful cause of statistical fallacy than any other which could be mentioned. This fallacy is illustrated very effectively in the official returns of emigration and immigration in this country. The immigration returns are collected on a different principle and with different statutory authority from the emigration returns. Unless we are assured that the two returns are approximately equally comprehensive, and that the "type" of individual in each group is the same, it is absolutely fallacious to take the difference of these two groups as representing the net immigration or emigration, as the case may be. The resulting difference is as devoid of meaning as if twelve pounds of candles were subtracted from a hundred electric lamps.

The same kind of fallacy is repeated in each of the monthly and annual returns of imports and exports issued by the Board of Trade. There are three groups of figures: (i) imports, (ii) exports of British produce, and (iii) exports of imported produce. If, as is undoubtedly the case, the main object of these returns is to show the extent to which the population of the country is dependent on goods made or produced abroad, and the extent to which other countries require the goods made as produced in the United Kingdom, it is utterly misleading to add groups (ii) and (iii) together. Obviously what should be done is to subtract (iii) from (i) and leave (ii) untouched; and this, so far as we know, was done in the Fiscal Blue-book, but in no other of the Board of Trade issues.

The elements of time and place are again of fundamental importance in a statistical record. It is not

* Vide "Journal of the Royal Statistical Society", lxxviii. p. 393.

permissible, as was done for example by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in his last Budget speech, to compare the consumption of beer and spirits at the present time with that of seventy years ago. It is admitted that at the earlier date the records could not be so complete, since the excise and customs officers were not so efficient in the discharge of their duties as now. Illicit brewing and distilling and smuggling existed to a far greater extent, rendering the official returns based on the quantities paying excise and import duties utterly insufficient as a measure of the consumption of intoxicating liquors. In connexion with the alien controversy another fallacy was repeatedly perpetrated by members of the front Opposition bench. The alien population was again and again declared to be relatively smaller in this than in any other European country except Spain. The fact is the figures are not comparable because of the difference in meaning attaching to the term "foreigner" in different countries. In this country, a foreigner is any unnaturalised person born in a foreign country of foreign parents. In France and in most other continental countries the term foreigner extends to all persons born of foreign parents, whether born in any of these countries or not. Thus, while in this country there can be but one generation of legal foreigners, there is at least two generations in continental countries. It is because of ignorance of these differences that fallacies are so frequent, and statistic has acquired so much popular disrepute.

The principal object of the International Statistical Institute is to confer on the possibility of standardising the corresponding returns of the various countries, so that the facts they represent may be capable of comparison. This is not always easy, for in nearly every case where an alteration is made to secure international uniformity, some sacrifice of comparability with the figures for earlier times must be made. Any agreement between the French and English officials as to the articles which shall be included in the term "manufactures" must inevitably destroy the value of all comparisons in one or other or both countries with previous years. Nevertheless we feel that the task is not hopeless; and, the danger being recognised, it will be avoided. The value of comparative statistics for different countries is so great that it is right the task should be attempted wherever possible, even when any change which may be necessary partially destroys the value of our own comparative statistics in regard to time.

THE CITY.

THE Stock markets opened on Monday with a continuation of the improved tone with which the preceding week closed but the upward movement was not sustained and since then business has been very uneven. The statements which the Tsar has been credited with making as to the terms of peace acceptable to Russia damped the ardour of the "bulls" and the feeling is certainly growing stronger in the City that peace is not likely to result from the meeting of the plenipotentiaries. The prevailing want of confidence makes the market sensitive even to the imaginative gifts of an American newspaper reporter.

The cheapness of money has created a certain amount of business in short-dated bonds by financial houses which trade on the difference between the yield from the stock and the loan rates whilst there has been a fair inquiry for the Preference issues of Home railways. The issue of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. stock at 101 on account of the Hull Corporation was but moderately successful, the underwriters having been left with 48 per cent. of the stock which is now quoted at $\frac{3}{4}$ discount and at that price is a fairly safe purchase for a rise of one or two points, as there is only about £200,000 of stock to be absorbed.

The American Railroad market has been active and advices from New York are extremely confident that during the next four months higher prices will be seen. The reports as to the crops continue excellent, but in this connexion it must not be forgotten that the reserves of the Associated Banks stand considerably

lower than at the corresponding period of last year, being \$15,000,000 only as against \$51,000,000, and although the currency will be made somewhat more elastic by the substitution of Philippine bonds for United States Government bonds, the drain upon New York to effect the moving of the crops will be probably greater than last year. It is possible that in the circumstances a money squeeze may be experienced in Wall Street and thus temporarily check the upward movement. The statement is current that an absorption of the Illinois Central by the Union Pacific is probable, and although the rumour has been heard before, if the fusion were accomplished it would explain the powers taken recently by the Union Pacific for the creation of \$100,000,000 additional Preference stock. A further statement is to the effect that the Atlantic Coast Line will amalgamate with the Louisville and Nashville, and this is quite likely to prove correct, as it would be an economically sound scheme: if the basis of the agreement is as we have heard, Louisville and Nashville shares should be worth buying at the present price. The feature of the market has been the record established by Canadian Pacific which touched \$160 $\frac{3}{4}$. Apart from the fine results shown during the past financial year which closed on 30 June, there is some talk of the land assets being separated from the railway company and formed into a new company, the shares of which are to be offered in the first instance to the proprietors of the railway. Be this as it may, the marked prosperity of the line and the possibility of an increase in the dividend in the near future is sufficient reason for the improvement in price.

Although some profit-taking has been in evidence in the South American Railway market the advance has continued in the majority of stocks, Antofagasta having been especially prominent in the scheme for the reconstruction of the capital. The rise in Manila Railway issues, which are being taken in hand by Messrs. Speyer Bros., has also made further progress, the debentures being four points better and the prior lien bonds one point: the market is very chary however of making prices in this stock, as it is quite in the dark as to the policy likely to be pursued by the controlling interests. An outside bond which has also attracted attention is that of the Guayaquil and Quito Railway which has been bought on Continental account, and which is likely to go still better.

The South African Mining market has been rather better inclined and in the early part of the week looked as though the upward movement would last, but the heavy failures in Paris arising from excessive speculation in sugar brought forced selling of mining shares with a consequent set-back in quotations. There does not appear to be much genuine stock now on offer and with the account so much reduced it would require relatively little good buying to put the market better. Whilst it is not probable that any substantial improvement will take place during this or the next few accounts, we are among those who are hopeful of a better state of affairs during the last quarter of the year.

In connexion with South African affairs the report of the much-discussed Imperial Cold Storage Company is of particular interest. It will be remembered that this company took over the Australian Cold Storage Company which during the earlier part of the war had made enormous profits. It was anticipated that the existing company would prove equally successful, more especially as the directorate comprised representatives of the most influential South African mining houses. But however able these gentlemen may be in financial operations, they appear to have made a singularly bad thing of this purely commercial enterprise. The statement of accounts is in respect of the year ending 31 March, 1905, and for that period the net result is a loss of £65,758: to this sum must be added £29,296 brought forward to the debit of profit and loss from the previous year, making a total debit balance at the closing of accounts of £95,054. An examination of the items of expenditure shows the working expenses of the business to be very heavy—notably £5,000 for directors' fees—whilst the losses arising from bad and doubtful debts, realisation of Consols and loss on one cargo total over £50,000. The available cash is £111,969, and a claim is pending

against the Imperial Government for £200,000 which may be recovered but it is difficult to see how the company on the present showing has any prospect of paying a reasonable dividend on its huge capital of £1,750,000. The vendors did uncommonly well in obtaining £404,565 for the goodwill and we should imagine that if the investments figuring in the balance sheet at £303,297 (cost price) were re-valued on a conservative basis, the result would be a considerable reduction. The price of the ordinary shares is now no better than 5s. and any holder should watch the opportunity to sell on an advance in price. A company of this nature is almost entirely dependent on shrewd and careful management and in the present instance this quality is obviously lacking.

INSURANCE.

CLERGY MUTUAL.

THE attempt to teach sound notions about insurance is patience-trying work. One may expound the merits of good companies in the clearest fashion, may point out the advantages of economy, and of the careful selection of lives: one may dwell upon the small value, or negative value, of a large amount of new business: one may be logical and convincing and absolutely right, and after all the great majority of new policy-holders effect their assurances with companies which yield them bad results, and the good offices receive little recognition or support.

One of the companies which is obviously sound and safe and strong and altogether attractive to policy-holders is the Clergy Mutual. It was founded in 1829, with the Archbishops of Canterbury and York as patrons and the Bishop of London as president. From that time up to the present it has received the highest ecclesiastical support, and by appealing especially to the clergy and their relations it reaps the benefit of the favourable mortality which characterises the clergy. In the report for the year ending with May 1905 the claims experienced were about 27 per cent. less than the amount expected and provided for by the mortality tables employed in valuing the liabilities. It is telling an oft-told tale to explain the benefits of favourable mortality, but, since the importance to an insurance company of the long duration of lives assured is so little understood, some repetition is excusable. If people live longer than the mortality tables say they will, the assurance company receives a larger number of premiums and earns interest upon the reserves which otherwise would have had to be paid away in claims had the deaths occurred sooner. The result is that when the mortality is favourable the surplus for bonuses is increased. But when bonuses are allotted on a rational system the results of paying premiums for a longer time than usual is actually beneficial to the individual policy-holders whose lives are prolonged. If we were to take an extreme case and suppose that the average age of policy-holders at death was two hundred years, it would be obvious that the cost of Life assurance would be less than it is at present; and if—speaking quite roughly—the age of policy-holders at death in any society is, say ten years longer than the average, that society can provide insurance protection at a lower cost than a company whose policy-holders die at an earlier average age. This consideration shows that a man who is in a position to effect his assurance with the Clergy Mutual can obtain his policy on more favourable terms than he could from an office assuring a less select body of lives.

The Society presents other conspicuous advantages. Working solely in the interests of its existing policy-holders and caring little or nothing whether it increases in magnitude from year to year, it is able to conduct its business at an extremely low rate of expenditure; the expenses normally amount to 7 per cent. of the premium income, or rather less than half the average expenditure of British companies. Owing to payments for furniture, and reconstruction of offices, part of which was unlet for a time, the expenses last year were a little over 8 per cent., but this was a purely temporary increase which would not be serious if it

were permanent. We hope it is superfluous to explain that such marked economy of management is of great benefit to the policy-holders.

The third principal source of surplus is the extent to which the rate of interest actually earned upon the funds exceeds the rate assumed in valuing the liabilities. The Clergy Mutual sets aside reserves sufficient to meet all its liabilities if interest is earned at the rate of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum; but interest is realised at the rate of about $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., which means that $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum of the funds is accumulating for bonus purposes. This margin not only provides considerable sums for bonus distribution, but constitutes a source of unimpeachable security.

These large sources of surplus have their practical expression in the good bonus results which the society declares, and it is satisfactory to see that the advantages offered by the Clergy Mutual are being appreciated to an increasing extent. The new business last year was larger than usual, and for a company which employs no agents and pays no commission the number of new policies issued must be considered satisfactory; it greatly exceeded the number of new assurances issued by other companies working on similar lines.

The gist of the whole matter is that people intending to effect assurance should refuse to yield to the blandishments of the persuasive agents of expensively managed companies and should avail themselves of the superior advantages which an economically managed company like the Clergy Mutual, transacting a very select class of business, is able to offer.

THE ROUT OF SCIENTIFIC MUSIC.

AT various times I have bewailed the fact that English music and musicians are impregnated to such a degree by the driest of dry academicism; and I have suggested several probable causes and some possible cures. Of one thing I am absolutely sure: if a permanent opera could be established in each of a dozen of the principal towns of England and Scotland academicism would straightway perish or be driven back to the dark holes in Tenterden Street and the like whence it originally emerged. The difficulty is that while it is because we have no opera—i.e. the most modern form of art—that academicism flourishes, it is because academicism flourishes that we cannot get an opera. The bulk of our musicians won't move: they don't want to be emancipated: they would rather not be; and so far the efforts of outsiders—amateurs chiefly—have been entirely fruitless. It is becoming plainer and plainer to me that until the mass of this poor country's musicians unite in demanding opera and working to get it we shall have none. So long as the head official Academies are indifferent to opera, and so long as the rank and file support the heads, how can we expect mayors, aldermen, prime ministers and the like to think the question a burning one? Nearly all our amateurs have been taught by academics and become imbued with academic ideas; nearly all the youngsters who are more or less seriously studying music at the present moment are in the hands and under the sway of academics. We cannot hope ever to get a great weight of public opinion on our side, and without that nothing can be done.

So, as we cannot destroy academicism by giving the people at large ample opportunities of hearing music in which there is no trace of the academic element, it is obvious that it must be killed by some other means. It must be killed, this deleterious, evil thing that enables our dull provincial festivals to go on in the accustomed rut and each year to bring forth the accustomed number of dull festival cantatas, and that crushes the originality and life out of the students in our "great music schools" which are the shame of England and the laughing-stock of Europe; until it is killed we shall have no right to consider ourselves a musical people. The academic has ruined our church music so that against the rich stores of the Roman Church we can show only a worthless rubbish-heap of dry counterpoint; he has ruined and is ruining

our young musicians; if he had his own way the public instead of listening to the "eccentricities" of Wagner, Tschaikowsky and the rest would be offered Philharmonic concerts of the type of fifty years ago, and musicians would all be registered like doctors and belong to the Ill. Soc. Mus. and attend meetings to roll forth the fame of the illustrious academic heads. How can we make a start at the business of getting rid of the accursed plague?

Many means have been tried. Individual teachers have revolted and brought up their pupils on distinctly anti-academic lines; students have revolted and gone to Germany and worked and sent forth furious fulminations; and some of the poor wretched downtrodden critics have also not been idle. In this paper, for instance, I have for over ten years persistently and consistently judged the academics not from their own standpoint but from mine as a musician, placing them not according to their incomes and birthday honours but according to their worth as musicians. Incidentally Mr. Newman's orchestral concerts showed the public that music might be "classical" and yet not be dry as the academics had always made it. The keenest attack, however, so far as its effect on musicians is concerned, comes in the form of a pamphlet by Mr. H. Saint-George, "The Place of Science in Music" (W. Reeves) and an article in the "Monthly Review" by Mr. E. A. Baughan, "Richard Strauss". Mr. Baughan scarcely does more than summarise what has been repeatedly said concerning the pedants and their talk of "established classical forms", but Mr. Saint-George is more original and more drastic. Of course Mr. Baughan sets out merely to discuss Richard Strauss' claim to a place in the long line of genuine composers; yet he might in passing have rendered good service by emphasising his points a trifle, and in reading his article I felt inclined to cross his t's and dot his i's.

Mr. Saint-George deliberately goes to work to sweep away the whole base of the academic claim to authority. "The fundamental principles of harmony", he says, "are extremely simple; the rules few and clear. While it certainly may be of interest to the advanced student to look into the nature of the various theories that have been superimposed thereon, there is no necessity for him to do so, and in the cases of novices the study of hypothetical principles can only bring confusion, and cause him to join the vast army who vote harmony 'dry'. When we remember that most of the greatest masterpieces of the musical world has ever possessed were produced by men who had never heard of Day, Macfarren, Prout, or Riemann, to name no others, one perceives how unessential their theories are, no matter how interesting". That is to say, the whole pedantic fabric is worthless to the real musician, and all the mystery and mystification of harmony, counterpoint and the rest pure bunkum. Mr. Saint-George contends that scientific men have invaded the realm of music and driven the artists out. He speaks of their "pseudo-scientific 'facts' of extremely doubtful authenticity. So far from being one of the exact sciences, music is, perhaps, the most intangible and illusive of the arts. He who would make it an exact science would be equally well employed in chasing an *Ignis Fatuus* with a butterfly-net in one hand and a two-foot rule in the other". He then goes relentlessly and with destructive force for the very groundwork of the modern theory of harmony. Not to worry the reader with barren technical details, it is only necessary to say that when a tightly stretched string is plucked, or an organ-pipe blown, one hears, besides the fundamental tone, a number of harmonies, and "it will be apparent that by picking and choosing among the sounds of the harmonic series, a certain number of notes will be found that are agreeable to our cultivated sense of music, but what of those which our æsthetic feeling prompts us to regret?" If our harmonic system is based on Nature's immutable laws "are we to be guilty of the gross effrontery of saying that Nature is out of tune?"

The whole thing falls to pieces. Our scales are purely arbitrary and we have gradually grown accustomed to them in the course of ages. Scientific minds, playing with a matter in which they had no right to meddle, discovered that our scales and harmonies

were based on the laws of nature; they made mathematical calculations and asserted that certain successions and combinations of sounds were agreeable and others disagreeable; they condemned every composer who trusted to his ears and not to arithmetic. Bach, Mozart, Beethoven and Wagner were banned in turn. The scientific men—the pedants, the academics—grew more and more dogmatic, more assertive and intolerant; and now it is time to turn on them and tell them that they are useless nuisances and their science wholly bogus. It is fairly well ascertained that if you drop a stone it will fall to the ground; it has always been so and will always be so until stones imitate that silly creature man and by not only trying to fly, but also succeeding, mount heavenward whenever set loose. In that day we shall see S. Paul's soaring over the Thames. In the meantime having deduced a certain law of nature from a simple natural fact men have for countless generations set up buildings that stay calmly where they were placed. But there is no natural law in obedience to which a chord of the dominant seventh must be resolved in any particular way: composers resolve it so as to please their ears and express their meaning, or they don't resolve it at all. The whole thing is arbitrary, fantastic, grotesque. Composers have never paid attention to the scientists. Hundreds of lame old gentlemen in doctor's hoods and gowns have limped after genius warning him that if he did this, that or the other disaster would ensue; and genius, pegging ahead with a sturdy step, has done the very thing and won fame and perhaps even immortality. Then the many-hooded hydra has pitifully tried to show that its principles were all right and that it was by following them genius succeeded. The arbitrary nature of the principles can be shown by a simple test. The Oriental has eyes and ears as acute as ours, yet, far from finding our harmonic laws true and unalterable, he hates our music and makes music which to him is sweet and to us simply excruciating. Well, the rules of harmony are useful enough for beginners; but it is no longer possible for the academic to talk about his books on harmony containing "nothing but the truth". They contain a serviceable pack of lies, lies which are found to be lies the moment a man seriously bent on making good music places his trust in them. Think of our tons of unplayable, unsingable, academic music; think of the late Cusins, conductor as well as composer!

It is not my intention to deal fully with Mr. Baughan's article on Strauss. It is a hedging article; but what would you? When a man has not made up his mind on a subject it is better to be frank and say so than to enthuse or condemn wildly. I can see that Mr. Baughan does not really know what he thinks about Strauss and in writing his article he has only been endeavouring to clear his mind. The article is specially valuable at this moment because it deals so largely with "form"—technical form, that is. Mr. Baughan rejects the academic view of form as firmly as Mr. Saint-George rejects the academic view of harmony and counterpoint. The academics base their harmonic theories on laws of nature which Mr. Saint-George shows do not exist; they base their "form" on the "practice of the great masters", and Mr. Baughan shows that there never was such a thing. No form has ever been "established" for five minutes; and to select the form of Haydn and Mozart and declare it to be perfect and based on natural laws is as absurd as to select certain of the series of overtones of a plucked string and base a system of harmony on them. Composers have a right to shape their music as they will and the academics have absolutely no right to dictate or to meddle in the business. When I hear a hooded professor speak of form and condemn later works because they are not modelled on the "classical masters" I see at once the scientist applying his foot-rule; when I read in that absurd sheet "Musical News" a criticism on, say, Richard Strauss I see only the idle babblings of some fool who wishes to please his scientific employers. In ignoring the academic claim to authority in his article Mr. Baughan has done a good day's work. He has joined Mr. Saint-George in the attack which will end in the

total discomfiture of the academics. If the rank and file of the musicians—principally the organists and teachers—will read the pamphlet of the one writer and the article of the other they will find their hooded heroes damned by a series of cold facts; and they may well ask themselves why they should submit for ever to be dominated by men who are themselves not musicians, artists, but at best scientific-minded gentlemen who have found musicians an easy prey. But it is to the rising generation that all this should appeal. If the teachers of the future do their work with a very little conscience in twenty years academicism will die for want of stuff to feed on. The people will have learnt that there is no more mystery about music than about other arts: that a "learned" musician is always a bore and generally a charlatan; that music is written to be played and enjoyed, and not to be read, analysed and admired as "clever". Macfarren's "Counterpoint" will be thrown into the fire because Macfarren could not write counterpoint but only an ugly imitation of the real thing; on the same ground Bridge's book on the same subject will go after it. Doctors' degrees and the degrees of the College of Organists will be regarded as worthless because the examiners are scientific or pseudo-scientific men and not musicians. And with these negative blessings perhaps some positive ones will arrive. The money now spent on contrapuntal exercises for the provincial festivals may be spent on getting genuine music from our native composers. Our native composers will not have their growth stunted in their youth as it is to-day, but will be encouraged from the first to write only what they sincerely feel. And then—the millennium!

JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

LE CHEF.

JUST at the corner of the streets called Twenty-fifth of May and Calle de Cangallo stood Claraz's hotel. In those days, long before the city of La Plata rose and fell, before La Union Civica was known, and whilst the echoes of the Paraguayan war were still resounding in the River Plate, it was a busy spot. The life of Buenos Ayres ran before the door. Only three squares away the two great Plazas, with their palaces and barracks, basked in the sun, or shivered in the wind, according as the Pampéro whistled, or the hot north wind blew. The Stock Exchange was near; the mole within a stone's throw, and up the deep-cut Calle de Cangallo, which looked more like a dry canal than a great thoroughfare, stood several of the principal hotels. The house was built all round a courtyard, with a great archway over which were rooms upon an upper floor where Claraz kept his saddlery, his books, and natural history collections and in which he generally lived, to be away from noise. The rest of the establishment was but one story high, though being built upon a bank, it looked right out across the River Plate, in Buenos Ayres nearly thirty miles in breadth, so that the houses in La Colonia on the other side are only visible upon the clearest days. Claraz himself, a tall and black-haired Swiss, of all the men I ever saw, was the least fitted for the business of keeping an hotel. Well educated and with scientific tastes, his guests were almost all either commercial travellers or sheep and cattle farmers, who strode into the place, with a Basque porter carrying their saddles, took off their pistols, hung them on their beds, and called for drink incontinently, stamping about the brick courtyard in their long riding boots and spurs. As all the rooms looked out into the yard, the fashion was to leave the doors wide open and to converse whilst lying on your bed, with anyone you knew. In some respects the place was like a school, with the initial difference that you were pretty sure to learn some things worth knowing, after a day or two. Claraz himself, being a naturalist, knew all the animals and a percentage of the myriad shrubs and trees of the republic, and others in their several degrees were able to impart much knowledge of a varied kind and differing quality.

Kincaid from Patagonia had much Indian lore, and knew the chiefs of all the southern tribes. Though he lived out upon the fringe of Indian territory, and far removed from towns, his neighbours Gauchos, and his

life to herd his sheep and cattle all the day and sit down either alone or with his herdsmen in a hut at night to smoke and read a "Glasgow Herald" ten weeks old which told him in eight columns all the ecclesiastic news of the Free Church and the Establishment, he yet remained a Scotchman, so Scotch that had you met him in a railway carriage, you would have thought him a newcomer fresh from Kirkcaldy or from Perth. Benitez Wilson, half Argentine, half Englishman, kept a pulperia in the south camp, and having been to England to be educated, had returned home again, more Argentine than ever, after the fashion of the Texan youth sent by his father to tour round Europe, who being asked on his return what mode of life he purposed to embrace, replied "Guess, Poppa, that I'll have a horse ranche out in Nueces County or down by Goliad". Thin, slight and dark, with long brown hands, and feet eternally imprisoned in tight patent leather boots, he did not look the man to keep a frontier drinking shop; but was reported, when a fight arose, to be a master of the art of throwing empty bottles, which he delivered like a Benjamite, and seldom missed his mark. What was worth knowing about racing on the flat (three squares or fifty) barebacked and owners-up, he knew, and no one from the Tres Arroyos to Tandil was cunninger in the innumerable false starts which are the science of a Gaucho race. His life had made him taciturn, but when he chose, he could discourse of many things with the strange double view of the mixed-blooded man, which makes him never quite at home with either race, and an eternal stranger in the land. The other guests were mostly bagmen, usually Frenchmen from Marseilles or Bordeaux, black-bearded, voluble and unilingual, for why should anyone whom God has blessed by making him a Frenchman struggle with other tongues? "You do not speak the language of the place", Benitez Wilson had remarked to Monsieur Lagadigadon. "Certainly not", he answered. "Je parle Français, et ça me suffit, voyez-vous". But notwithstanding their linguistic limitations, they were a jovial set, carrying destruction, as it seemed, amongst the female sex of every land, and passing hours relating all their conquests, although the listeners must have been well aware, by personal experience, that all the tales were false. They and a knot of Englishmen, mostly offshoots of county families, and known in Buenos Ayres as the "Gentle Shepherds", made the most noise of all the visitors, and passed their time in general in the billiard-room, playing the cannon game, with lumps of chalk held in the bridge hand, with balls like turnips, and with cues like table legs.

The fashionable streets in which were situated the best shops, cut the Cangallo at right angles, and even in those days had tramways running down them preceded by a boy on horseback who blew upon a horn, so that the curious little inn, even then, was an anachronism, though Buenos Ayres still in some respects was primitive. Horses were commoner than dogs; they stood at every house, with their feet hobbled during the time their owners talked or drank, and now and then when they got bored they would hop off, raising their hobbled feet like rocking horses, and congregate in knots, where with their reins tied to the saddles drawing their heads into their chests they stood and fabulated. Before the Stock Exchange dozens or sometimes hundreds stood, and stock-brokers felt their way cautiously amongst them with propitiatory words, hissing and chirruping, and sometimes coming to a standstill, so to speak, storm stayed, amongst a sea of tails and hoofs, too difficult to pass. The presidential escort dressed as exaggerated lancers used to ride down the streets behind the carriage of the president, just as a troop of Indians rides behind a chief, all with their toes but touching their small native stirrups, their bodies swaying easily above the hips, talking and laughing and some smoking cigarettes. The upper classes dressed in black, and all wore black felt hats which made them look like Maltese shipchandlers or touts in the Levant. They held themselves the first of humankind, calling the English "gringos", the Italians "carcamanoes", the Spaniards "gallegos" a term they much resented as in Spain the word "gallego" is used to designate a man of all

work, and the Brazilians, monkeys (macacos), whilst referring to themselves as the *Porteños* (men of the port), though at that time there was no harbour in the place. Women, except the higher class who had travelled and beheld that Mecca of the *rastaquouère*, "*Paris de Francia*", dressed in a loose black skirt with petticoats much starched and laced, wore low-cut shoes and white silk stockings, and minced upon the stones. Over their heads they wore the "*manta*" a thick black cashmere shawl which crossing on the chest covered deficiencies and served them for protection and disguise. They seldom ventured far from home, except to mass, or to walk three or four together in a row about the squares, when in the evening military bands discoursed the strains of Offenbach or clashed out patriotic music written in general by Italian music-masters.

The house of Juan Garay, one of the "*conquistadores*", still stood, a long low brick or mud adobe edifice, close to the corner of the square, and usually the architecture was half Moorish flat-roofed and flanked by towers called "*miradores*", all dazzlingly white. A few tall French-built buildings studded the town, breaking the line of long flat roofs, and looking vulgar and unsuitable both to the people and the place. One of these just at the corner of the largest square was let in furnished suites and called "*La Casa Amueblada*", and occupied in general either by French or by Hungarian women, who sat in dressing-gowns, with their hair most elaborately dressed, at all the balconies. Painted, but unashamed they sat at the receipt of custom, which seldom seemed to lack, although their tariff was in general a gold ounce, a coin which in those days was plentiful. In almost every side street, red lamps and doors ajar held by a chain, denoted where a lower class of ladies lived, and not content with this, the bars and cigarette shops, all held their houris and that although the women of the place were keen competitors. So much so, that in a town in *Entre Rios* a Frenchman having called upon the ruler of the place with a request to start a tolerated house, was answered with an oath "Yes, start it and be damned, but you are certain to be ruined, for here the women all are amateurs". General society scarcely existed in the modern sense, but followed antique Spanish or semi-Moorish rules, the men at parties congregating into knots, smoking and talking scandal, and the girls seated upon chairs against the wall, whispering in undertones whilst managing their fans. Sometimes a man approached them, and selecting one, led her with compliments point blank about her "*beauteous eyes*", her "*grace*" or what not, to the dance, which was a slow and swinging Spanish waltz danced with much balancing of hips, the arms held out like pump handles, and during which the woman's head rested upon her partner's shoulder with her eyes half closed, as she had been asleep. The ceremony over, she was led slowly to the refreshment room and ate an ice or drank some lemonade, standing the while a fire of compliments, which as she knew them all by heart and they were fixed as is a liturgy, must have been wearisome, although their age did not seem able to impair their efficacy and personal effect. In the less fashionable circles, they danced the "*pericon*" and "*el cielito*", quaint, old-world dances with much waving of their handkerchiefs, and breaking now and then into some verses which the unlucky man was held to improvise, though generally he broke down utterly and the song ended in a laugh. The older people sat and drank *maté*, smoking cigarettes of black tobacco made in Brazil, which they lit frequently from a hot coal kept on a chafing-dish, or from a slow match hanging to a chain. On one side all was new, that is in what concerned commercial life, and steamboats and hotels were certainly more comfortable than those of England in the days of which I write. Upon the social side, with the exception of some rich men who had been educated either in Paris or in Bordeaux, or who had travelled, customs survived from Spain, and not from modern Spain, but from the Spain of the pre-revolutionary age. As there was little mixed society, except that of the nymphs of every land that Europe sent as civilisers, we as a general rule remained at Claraz's at night, and either talked or played at billiards,

drinking the while *maté* or *caña* punch, or a decoction which we called "*la boisson Cavantous*", compounded of such simples as white curaçoa, gum, gin and bitters, and a little lemon juice.

Most of the company is dead, the last-named liquid, helped by whisky, having proved too much for them, in spite of struggles almost heroic in their foolishness. Some have been killed by Indians, drowned at sea, knocked on the head in rows, or died in drinking-shops. Long John Arbuthnott, known to us all as "*Jar*", from the initials of his name, and by the reason of a flowing beard which, mingling with his hair, caused him to look like Jove, sailed in a schooner to the Falkland Islands, and the last seen of him was his tall figure wrapped in a Pampa poncho, waving good-bye as she cleared in a gale of wind from Maldonado and dropped into the mist.

Lucien Simmonet, a young Parisian journalist, who gained his living in a mysterious way by writing paragraphs from Paris in a back street in Buenos Ayres, became head secretary to his Majesty Aureille the First, King of Arauco, and his last letter to me, dated from Union Bay in Patagonia, just as his chief and he were starting for their Mecca in the West, has formed his epitaph, for from the wilds of Araucaria, if he returned, that is to me unknown. Dunsmere was lost in those vague regions known as "*down about the Straits*", all that remains of him is a blue poncho barred with red, which lay for years upon his father's sofa in his smoking-room, and a whip made of "*coronilla*" wood mounted with silver, which when I used to take it up from where it lay, would bring him back to me, and make the tears stand in his father's eyes, who knew intuitively where and with whom my thoughts were straying, whilst I held it in my hand. Others have turned respectable. Simon Uruchi has an estancia in the district of Tuyú, is wealthy, a senator I think, and now and then his name appears in "*La Tribuna*" as having spoken on free-trade, protection, or the inherent right of every man to cheat, or something of the kind. All the Italians have gone home, having made "*leutel money*", and settled down to smoke Virginia cigars, grow their own wine, and talk of the old days amongst the "*Barbari*". My partner is a country squire in Devonshire who hunts and sits upon the bench, is a staunch Protestant and true, keeping his sitting in the chancel manfully and standing up for Church and King, though he believes in neither of them, as far as I can see. John Bland, the "*Rengo*", has an Indian wife, ten children, and a rancho near Cala in *Entre Rios*, wears native clothes (the poncho and the *chiripá*), has almost lost his English, and, a friend tells me, is happy as a dragon fly, watching his flocks increase and his own life slip peacefully away. One hung on till last year, and then departed, not the least inclined to go, for life was pleasant to him, his groove just fitted, and in his way he had achieved renown. At Claraz's we called him Treadway though his name was Cossart; but certain difficulties he had when in the little frontier town called "*El Bragado*" where, as he said, "*I used to sing basso cantante in the church choir, and serve the Mass, vous voyez ça d'ici, mon cher*", induced him for a time to change his name, although he still remained a stoutish Frenchman, broad-shouldered, and with a profile just below the waist beginning even then to show, though he fought with it manfully and possibly with stays. His dead white face set in a jet-black beard, looked like a pearl in black enamel, and his large beaky nose—"j'ai un grand diable de nez comme tous les gens intelligents" he used to say—gave a fierce look which his intensely black and simple eyes belied. He was perhaps a little truculent, and stood a good deal on his dignity at open doors and crossings, and when he walked the streets and had the wall at his right hand, for nothing in the world would he have given up his right. No, not if his chief hero Napoleon III. whom he admired but yet called Badinguet, had risen from the dead.

Few people even in Buenos Ayres at that day, when life was cheap and every man went armed, cared to contest the matter with him, for he was strong as a West Highland bull, or, as he said, "*un lapin*", and moreover his troubles in Bragado had given him a name which it was his chief care to keep alive. Though

born in London he was French to the backbone, his family having come from Carpentras; but yet spoke English perfectly, with just a little foreign accent grafted on cockney, which did not in his mouth sound vulgar, but as it were a complement to his appearance, which certainly was French. Thus no one but a Frenchman of his type could, when a woman passed, look at her with a conquering air and say, "Not bad, that little girl, eh? Strange how she smiled at me—but then they all do; one gets no peace because of them—ah sacrées femmes"! He could not have believed himself, but for their self-respect, men of his type and nationality were forced in those days to assume that attitude, as Englishmen of the same time and kind thought it incumbent on them when a horse passed by them on the road, to put their heads a little on one side and mutter critically, "He seems to me to go a trifle short on the off fore or perhaps on the near hind". Just at that moment he was working as a diver, which his proportions did not seem to fit him for, but which as he said "after my trouble in the camp, a simple matter of an almost necessary homicide, is prudent, and is the most fitting occupation for a man who wants to pass unseen." A statement which in itself was logical enough, had he but gone about the streets, lived, slept, and had his being in his diver's dress. But as, his duties over, he dressed himself in the black suit with low-necked shirt and black felt floppy hat, which was the uniform of everyone, the reason was not plain. But, be that as it may, he dined at Claraz's, sleeping in what he called "mon taudis" in a by-street, and was ready at all times to talk and tell his strange adventures in the provinces, or to play billiards, at which game he easily gave fifty in a hundred to almost anyone in town. This talent, joined with great generosity and natural kindness, a somewhat "pawky" humour, and the most perfect feelings of a natural gentleman, made him a favourite with all. Though not weighed down with money, he always had the "Vie Parisienne" sent to him from France, esteeming that thereby he kept himself in touch with what he called "Le Bitume" and "La Haute Bicherie", not that he had nostalgia of the city of the light, thinking the life in Buenos Ayres was the pleasantest the world afforded, as many of us thought; but from a sense of duty as it were, just as the Englishmen pored on the "Licensed Victuallers' Gazette", reading accounts of prize-fights in the halcyon days of Sayers and the Benicia Boy and other worthies, long departed to that limbo which presumably they share with jockeys, touts and sporting noblemen. The "Gentle Shepherds" used to borrow the French papers, and pore on them, especially when they found anything indecent, and then among themselves aver with oaths the French were "an immoral crowd", returning to the pure columns of "Bell's Life" with Saxon innocence. Such difference of ideals no doubt are in the very life-blood of a race; and points of honour, which the "Gentle Shepherds" held in high esteem, were to the Frenchman quite incomprehensible, and each looked on the other with contempt tempered by whisky or by absinthe, according to their kind. Both of them looked down on the Argentines, calling them "niggers" or "des barbares", whilst they returned in kind, heaping the English up together with the Germans under the name of "Gringos", calling the French "Gabachos", and looking with contempt on both of them, as men who could not ride. Still they jogged on together, misunderstanding one another mutually, as they were joined in holy matrimony.

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

(To be concluded in next issue.)

A QUEEN'S GARDEN.

I HAVE been reading a book about a "Garden in the City of Gardens".* Personally I always thought Calcutta was the "city of gardens", but possibly the Reach of that name confused me.

There is more taxidermy than horticulture in this book, and, gracefully though it be written, one

cannot help reflecting that no single fount of type could ever have stood so intolerable an amount of inverted commas; still I am grateful to it, for the very name thereof has taken me back to the Jack-and-the-Bean-stalk, Jonah's gourd gardens of long years ago; gardens that grew up in a night, where the Gloire de Dijon roses wreathed the chimneys in eighteen months and where if you needed a new chrysanthemum bed you just dibbled in a few flowering shoots from the neighbouring one and there you were.

Here in this slow land of tearful sunshine, I have to wait six weeks before even that Heaven-sent annual the Leptosyne will yield me its yellow suns.

Yes! it is in the swiftness and the evanescence of the Indian garden seen against the old worn background of ancient dynasties, of still more ancient thoughts of men and women, that its charm lies. It is so fresh, so new, they are so stale, so old. Nature is so full of vitality that she can lavish her flower fancies for a day's decoration in the garden. Man carves his idle dream of beauty in a marble summer-house over whose delicate traceries the creepers twine fresh flowers every year.

I remember one garden within two high cupola-set walls, faced on one side by a high balcony-set palace, on the other by a wide lotus-set tank, where, beside a stucco bara-dari all falling to decay, there stood a tree of the Hibiscus mutabilis, the "gul-i-ajab" or wonder-flower of the Indian. It was a tall tree, almost a forest tree, and it overshadowed the low summer-house from whose tinselled tawdry ceiling the fragments of looking-glass and the floreated gilt mouldings were falling and mouldering away. And over that sorrowful sign of dead and gone humanity it stretched at every dawn a perfect panoply of snow-white beauty. Shaped like a rose, large as a water-lily, the blossoms, lily-white, crowded and jostled each other on every twig braving the first sunrays without the faintest blush. By noon there was a hint of hectic colour in their cheeks, by sunset they flamed with it like fading roses, and the dark closing its soft fingers round them crushed them into crimson stains. But dawn found the tree covered afresh, whiter than ever. The thousand and one blossoms of yesterday were dead. What matter! There were a thousand and one fresh flowers to replace them. In that same garden also there was one day a marvellous, a most entrancing perfume. "It is a tree" said the gardener busy in directing a runnel of water into a plot of garlic—rendered, by the way, absolutely innocuous for the time being by this most overpowering scent. "God knows who brought it and from what land. Long ago, anyhow. The Huzoor will find it yonder by the loquats beyond the oranges. She will know it surely, by the smell thereof."

She did indeed! As she made her way down the damp-soddened, beaten, earthen paths beneath the orange trees she became conscious that the perfume was growing too powerful to be pleasant. From sweetness it grew to an almost medicinal aroma, from that to a cloying half-alcoholic flavour in the air which sought your lips and through them your lungs, until, when the source was finally located in one greenish, yellowish, brownish sort of slipper blossom on an insignificant scrag of a bush, it needed a long arm to carry the prize away for identification. At close quarters it was almost as unendurable as the corpse candles of the English woods with their horrid viscous points all fly-bestuck, covered with their dainty little netted extinguishers.

Carried home at arm's length it was put aside in an outhouse until, tea being over, the botany books could be consulted.

Fatal mistake! Half an hour afterwards, all that remained was a brown gelatinous shred. The perfume and the flower had both gone. An hour or so was its life; it gave itself too quickly to the world, for age. So to this day I have not the faintest idea what it really was.

But the memory of its evanescent sweetness remains.

It was a beautiful garden, this "Garden of a Queen" as it was called, though you could count the flowers that were in it on your fingers. There were the pomegranate blossoms, recalling the hem of Aaron's ephod with their quaint hard tassel-shaped calyxes. But the glory of sunray-pleated scarlet petals who can describe?

* "My Garden in the City of Gardens." Lane. 6s.

They make the eyes smart with the blare of their hot colour. Beside them, over the way, in a fresh runnel-edged square was the orange blossom, not set smug and trim in pruned precision but flower-free on branches that swept over one's head full of shade and fragrance. Then there were the Persian roses, so piercingly sweet with their blue-green almost downy leaves. And the jasmines single and double; the big Arabian jasmine climbing, scented to its tendrils tips, up the tall cypresses which still stand about the marble watercourses where the fountains used to spout. Now there is no water in them. It has all gone to join the tank below the eastern terrace where the pink and white lotus rise high above the shifting green carpet on which all day long the water drops chase each other, driven by the faintest breathing of wind. And there was one other flower in this Garden of a Queen—the datura blossom. It grew in a wide patch by the well, because, as the old gardener said, it had always grown there—always! Before the time of the Queen, of course, and ever since. Aye! and it would go on growing since these poison things seeded themselves. It was no use trying to weed them out. The great five-fingered white and purple lily-like tubes belonged to the garden, and the garden belonged to them.

That was true. Their faint yet cloying perfume seemed to overbear the roses, the jasmines, even the orange-blossoms. I have stood far from them in the mouldering summer-house on that eastern terrace overlooking the tank, and have grown dizzy thinking of them, thinking of the legend which gave the garden its name, the Garden of a Queen. She was a Rajpoot queen, and her husband the king was killed in battle by one who sent a message that if the queen would yield herself to him, the city and the people should go free. So she consented, and one moonlit night the conqueror came to her garden, dressed in the gay clothes she had sent him to wear after the ancient custom of her people, and round his neck the chaplet which her hands had strung. It was a jasmine chaplet divided into set places by the white horns of the daturas.

Was it the clothes? was it the chaplet? Was it her kisses which made the conqueror dizzy, which made him clasp the empty air while she stood, balanced above the water, taunting him, seeing him die? Who knows? She took the secret with her beneath the green carpet of the lotus when, eluding his embrace, she chose that of Death? They found him stiff and cold next morning, but he had spent the night in the Queen's garden, and so the promise of safety was kept.

Possibly the older heads of his party held that it served him right.

Yes! I am grateful to the writer of "My Garden in the City of Gardens" for reminding me of this story.

Still I could wish she did not insist on calling the Karaunda, the Cape gooseberry. That is the *Physalis esculenta*.

F. A. STEEL.

THE MORALITY OF GOLF.*

SOME games are so good that it is a sort of high treason to take them lightly; some so radically inferior that only earnest competition makes them tolerable. You owe it as a debt to cricket to play the game with intention, even though experimental haphazard cricket may have virtues of its own. To lawn tennis we owe no debt, but must play it seriously because it becomes an irritation and a weariness the moment competition ceases: the bumble-puppyism in it shows its hoof. Golf comes somewhere in between these extremes. The competition in it is but a part of the pleasure. Of course match-play is a much finer thing than medal-play, as appears in the ingenious creation of bogey; but in match, medal, or bogey play the happy golfer feels a constant pleasure in each stroke by virtue of its effort after some unattainable pattern. Except billiards, to which it has many affinities, it is the only game, unless figure-skating is a game, which can be played with real pleasure by a solitary player;

and only the player who delights in the "sweet silent sessions" by himself is likely to reach scratch. Did not Mr. Balfour, on Vardon's authority, spend a whole fortnight off and on playing out of bunkers with a niblick, for the pleasure of practising the art of extrication from difficulty? he is not yet at scratch, but that is because the convention is to start from a tee, not a sand-pit. We can imagine a philosopher extracting from the game a close analogy with life. Vardon is earnestly desirous—to quote a master of platitude—"so to act that each to-morrow finds him further than to-day"; and says in a fine ethical maxim, "it takes longer to kill the golf in a man than to breed it". Vardon's language continually suggests that golf is not only a game, but as it were some playful test, like the three caskets or the peas under the feather beds, of noble attributes entering in the player; and it is surely a fine compliment to the power of a game when we find a professional, who makes his livelihood out of the game, speaking continually with this sort of hushed reverential air of the duty of playing seriously, of the lively satisfaction of the strokes, of the characteristic virtues of its players, of the pleasure of handling, one may say fondling, the clubs, of the hope of continuing to excel and of the fear lest Americans should play better golf than we do from their faculty for careful practice. The analogy with life might be worked out in many ways, serious or humorous. What a fable for example could Mr. Gould extract from Mr. Balfour's fortnight in bunkers with a niblick! If only we could have life-diagrams—as of these stances and postures that Vardon sets so great store by—by which to correct our moral attitudes in making for the various goals and greens and escaping from the hazards of the game. Vardon almost suggests that we have. "Deeds of great men" is the motto he recurs to. From the time that at the age of seven he made his first club out of oak and blackthorn and tin in Jersey till his fourth championship he took no lesson and followed no instruction; but imitated and assimilated the best in all the players he saw until he perfected the style that Scotsmen condemn as too southron. We must approve the best when we see it; and there is the whole secret of the best golf and the reason why Taylor, Brand and Vardon all grip the club in the same locked embrace. But of these three golfers in three different districts born Vardon is "the greater poem", as the æsthete said of his left leg, and unlike the others his precision of style and devotion to the game have helped him even to some sense of literary style. Of all players that we have seen he is the straightest—moral phraseology will recur—and most manifestly does not win his matches on the green after the popular and rather foolish tag. We have seen him get dead from 180 yards with a brassy and we have seen him after a beautifully pulled shot with his iron round a jutting tree take four puts on the green. He attributes his success in one championship solely to his play with the brassy and we may believe him. Of late years the professionals have extended the scientific treatment which belongs more naturally to play near the hole to play with the wooden clubs. Though the great accuracy is not required, in one detail science has more scope. Not all the mathematics of Professor Tait have solved the mystery of the curl on a golf-ball. The idea is the spin accumulates before it a wad of air which is to divert the ball's course, as a stream hollows a bank till the bay holds the stream itself in an eddy. But whatever the mechanics of the subject it is certain that a good professional can by the nature of his swing ensure that his ball shall swerve in the air this way or that as he pleases; and the power to do so often enough means the winning of a hole. We have seen Vardon both slice and pull a ball round an obstruction of trees; but the art of pulling and slicing, so carefully described in this book,* are especially of use in wind: the scientific player can make of the obstruction a use and wrest value from a handicap. If the wind is from the right he drives into it with a pull; if it is from the left he drives into it with a slice and can so increase the length of the drive by thirty yards or more. Andrew Kirkaldy for instance was supposed to be able to beat anyone on the Muirfield links simply because of his skill in gauging and so using the cross winds that prevail.

* "The Complete Golfer." By Harry Vardon. London: Methuen. 1905. 7s. 6d. net.

These refinements of the art are enough perhaps to frighten rather than attract the lesser player, as may the conventions and subtler finesses of bridge. But the consolation is that like the service and reverse spin of which Americans, Australians, and Continental lawn-tennis players talk large, it is generally beaten by the straightforward game. A truly-hit ball is little hurt by wind, and the art of driving is sufficiently learnt if all can drive low, hitting the ball with a descending club, against wind and drive high, with an ascending club, down it. Later when we can hit the ball clean every time with every club most will depend on that sentiment of distance which is as far beyond the instruction of professors as the moral sense was beyond the Scotch professors who invented it. Is it a little absurd so to associate ethical and golfing science? Not perhaps for the hedonistic philosopher; and anyway it is a better thing to admire and preach a game because "there is so much in it" than because you get so much out of it. And the best professionals, as in real tennis and to some extent in cricket, adopt an attitude of mind which elevates the game into a master before whom they feel almost humble, picking up wrinkles on the links as Newton's child the pebbles on the shore. When we play the lesser games and succeed we grow conceited. But for the better games there is always an ideal that our occasional brilliancies prove we can reach but from which to the good of our modesty our invincible vagaries keep us removed. It is the triumph of golf that this ideal has been personified in bogey, a good worthy player who defeats us only because of his moral steadiness.

MOTORING.

THE eliminating trial to select a team for the British International Cup Race was held at Sea View, Isle of Wight, on Tuesday last. Three boats were to be selected for the British team. Among those entered was a boat in process of construction by Messrs. Saunders, with Napier engines, for the Hon. John Scott Montagu M.P., and Mr. Lionel de Rothschild. This launch was not completed in time, so the entrants bought and ran "Napier II.", which it will be remembered performed so well in the Cross-Channel race. "Napier", Lord Howard de Walden's latest acquisition, "Competitor", which is the hull of the famous "Napier Minor" of last year, purchased by Lieut. Mansfield Cumming, and fitted with a 100-horse-power Siddeley engine, "Hutton", Mr. J. E. Hutton's boat, with last year's engine in a new hull, and "Brooke I.", Captain Corbet's boat, engined with a six-cylinder Brooke engine of 300-horse-power. This boat broke a cylinder last week and was only fitted with another just in time to get to the starting line. Marvellous reports have been received of the results of her trials, and her performance was anticipated with keen interest. The "Hutton" had been running well previously to the race but she failed to appear at the start, her engine having completely gone to pieces. Four boats only were present—"Napier II.", steered by the Hon. John Scott Montagu, "Napier" by Lord Howard de Walden, "Competitor" by Lieut. Mansfield Cumming, and "Brooke I." by Mr. Mawdsley Brooke. The start was from opposite the pier-head at Sea View, about three miles from Ryde. Thence the course lay about four miles south-east, returning to mark-boats a mile north-west of Sea View by No Man's Fort. This gave a round trip of five miles, which was to be covered seven times. At the gun, "Competitor" was the only boat that made a fair start within the three minutes allowance. "Napier" was the next to start, but her steering-gear broke and she collided with a yawl and retired with damaged bows. "Brooke I." got away after a slight delay and rapidly overhauled "Competitor", which was suffering from a distorted inlet-valve. "Napier II." did not start until nearly twenty minutes later, as she had blown out a cylinder head-joint during the morning. When this was repaired "Brooke I." had already covered a lap, but "Napier II." soon showed that she was the fastest boat present, cutting down the lead very quickly. "Napier II." completed the course

alone at a high speed, "Brooke I." and "Competitor" having stopped after completing four laps. "Brooke I." had shipped a considerable quantity of water which was thrown all over the engine by the revolving parts causing electric short-circuits. "Competitor" stopped on account of a heated crank shaft bearing but soon got her engine running again, but by this time the tide had ebbed to such an extent that sufficient water was not left in the course. In all probability "Napier II.", "Competitor" and "Brooke I." will be ultimately selected to form the British team for the Cup race which is to be held at Arcachon in September next.

The "Reliability" trials for motor-boats which were held this week under the auspices of the Motor Yacht Club have proved remarkably successful. An interesting feature was the entry by Messrs. J. I. Thornycroft and Co. of a boat fitted with a suction gas plant which produces gas at a pressure less than that of the atmosphere. This gas which is of the nature of water gas is utilised in an internal combustion engine.

BRIDGE.

THE OPENING LEAD AGAINST A SUIT DECLARATION.

OUR article in last week's issue was an interlude. We were carried far away from the subject which we were in the middle of discussing, namely, the opening lead against a strong suit declaration. Let us now return to that subject.

Some players are very fond of leading out an ace at once, when they hold one, with the object of having a look round. This lead has its advantages, inasmuch as it enables the leader to see the exposed hand before parting with the lead, but it is questionable whether this advantage may not be gained at too great a cost. Holding ace and king only of a suit, the ace, followed by the king, is an excellent opening. To lead the ace before the king is the recognised method of indicating to a partner that the leader holds no more of the suit led, and his partner, if he is possessed of ordinary intelligence, will give him the opportunity of making a small trump by a ruff as soon as he is able to obtain the lead. Holding ace and others of a suit, without the king, the advantage gained by leading out the ace and having a look round may be far too dearly bought. An ace has other uses beyond the winning of one trick, even when winning that one trick is coupled with the advantage of having a look at the dummy. The primary object of an ace's existence is to kill a high card of the adversary's, and also that ace may become so invaluable as a card of re-entry later on, when the lead is badly wanted for a specific purpose. The lead is of very small advantage at first, before the dummy hand is exposed, and before the game has had time to develop, but later on in the hand it is a very different matter. The original leader has now had the opportunity of gaining a great deal of information from the fall of the cards, and it may be all-important to him to be able to get the lead, and he will very likely have occasion to bitterly regret that ace, lightly parted with at first for no adequate result. If it is necessary to lead from a suit of ace and three or four others, the ace must be led by all means. There is too much danger of it being trumped and never making a trick at all, unless it is led originally, but why need that ace suit be touched at all? The leader must have some other suit which he could open. He should rather lead the highest of a weak suit, containing nothing of any value, and retain his ace as a certain card of re-entry later on, when he will know something about the position of the cards, and when the lead may be of real use to him. This is all in strict accordance with what was said in a previous article, that the first lead should be purely defensive. Once in a while the small or even the grand slam may be lost by not leading out an ace, but very rarely indeed will a game be lost by it which could have been saved by any other means. When the game is bound to be lost in any case, the consideration of whether one or even two tricks could have been saved is practically immaterial. The small extra loss incurred is nothing compared with the chance of saving the game.

When the dealer has passed the declaration and a suit has been declared by dummy one of the very best opening leads is a trump through the declaring hand. This is an opening which is not made use of nearly often enough, even by our best players. It has so many advantages. When the leader has a fairly good protected hand and two or three small trumps, it relieves him from the responsibility of leading from any of his guarded suits, and it can do so little harm. It is possible that it may lose one trick. For instance, supposing that the dummy has declared hearts with ace, knave, and three others, the leader's partner has queen and two others, and the dealer king and one other. In this case the lead of a trump will undeniably sacrifice the partner's queen and will lose a trick, but this is only one distribution of the cards out of many, and in the long run this lead will pay well. Suppose the dummy has declared hearts, and the leader's hand is

Hearts—10, 7, 5.
Diamonds—King, 9.
Clubs—Ace, queen, 8, 6.
Spades—Queen, 10, 5, 2.

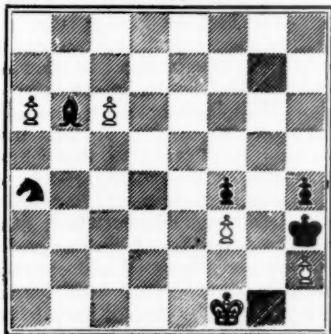
Here there can be no possible doubt as to the right lead. The one lead is the 10 of hearts, partly with a view of helping the partner if he should happen to hold strength in the trump suit, and still more to avoid having to open any of the three guarded plain suits. The leader's partner, if he wins the first trick, will not return the trump suit, but will lead up to weakness in the dummy, and the leader's hand cannot fail to be materially benefited thereby. As we said before, the value of this opening lead is not anything like sufficiently recognised even by good players.

There was an old adage at whist, "When in doubt, lead trumps". There should be a still stronger adage at bridge, "When in doubt, lead a trump through the declaring hand".

CHESS.

PROBLEM 33. BY M. TROITZKI.

Black 5 pieces.



White 5 pieces.

White draws by forcing stalemate.

Solutions to above will be duly acknowledged

KEY TO PROBLEM 32: 1. B-R7.

The idea that the modern school only concerns itself with small things might be dispelled after a careful examination of the following game. Schlechter is one of the greatest of modern players, and though he is often referred to as the "drawing" master, he has shown winning ability of the highest order whenever the opportunity has presented itself. The oft-repeated assertion that he is not enterprising is possibly only another way of saying that he declines to gamble on the success of a particular line of play when he knows how it can be defeated. Where players like Marshall and Janowski show a tendency to underrate the ability of their opponents, Schlechter's play indicates a tendency to overrate them. This probably accounts for his extraordinary score in the recent Ostend Tournament—namely, 7 wins, 17 draws, and 2 losses.

IRREGULAR OPENING.

White Fleissig	Black Schlechter	White Fleissig	Black Schlechter
1. P-QKt4	P-K3	5. P-Q4	Q-R5 ch
2. B-Kt2	Kt-KB3	6. Kt-B3	Kt-K5
3. P-QR3	P-B4	7. Q-Q3	P x P
4. P-Kt5	P-Q4	8. Q x P	B-B4
9. Q x KtP	B x P ch	12. Q x B	P x Kt
10. K-Q1	P-Q5	13. B-B1	
11. Q x R ch	K-K2		

With this move black initiates a combination which, in the opinion of many good judges, is the finest on record, not even excepting the "immortal game" between Anderssen and Kiezeritzki. Here the sacrifice is based on position-judgment, while in the game just referred to the mate could be foreseen.

Q x P ch with the idea of capturing the knight on K5 is no use, because after P x B black threatens mate and P x R=Q at the same time.

13. . . . Kt-Q2 14. Q x R

The object of the sacrifice of the second rook is only to force the queen off the bishop's file, so that the advanced bishop's pawn shall not be subject to capture, when the mating net becomes complete. There does not appear, however, to be any reply to Q x KtP instead of 13. Kt-Q2. If instead of Q x R white now plays Q-B4, then black proceeds with R-Q1. If 15. Q-Kt4 ch, Kt-B4 discovers check; 16. B-Q2, R x B ch; 17. K-B1, Q-Q1; 18. K-Kt1, R-Q8 ch; 19. K-R2, Q-Q4 ch, and wins easily. Or if 14. Q x KtP, then R-Q1, followed by Kt-B4. White has therefore only a choice of losing variations.

14. . . . Q x KtP 16. K-B1 B-K6 ch
15. B-B4 Q-Q4 ch 17. B x B Kt-B7

And white resigns because mate cannot be avoided.

The only alternative to 15. B-B4 is Kt-B3, when black wins by Q-Q4 ch; 16. B-Q2, P x B; 17. P-B4, Kt-B6 ch; 18. K-B2, P-Q8=Q ch; 19. R x Q, Q x R ch; 20. K x Kt, Q-B8 ch; 21. K-Kt3 or K-K3, Kt-B4 ch, and mate follows immediately. From the ninth move to the end we have practically a series of problems. As the game is so very short it is only necessary to say that so much in so little is only possible where the one plays well and the other badly.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE DEARTH OF OFFICERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

31 July, 1905.

SIR,—“Why has the army become unpopular with the officer class?” May I be permitted to give the writer of an otherwise excellent article under the above head (SATURDAY REVIEW, 29 July, 1905) the reply to his question for which he apparently pauses?

In the first place a naturally light-hearted man, as demanded by his profession, is worried into heaviness of heart by incessant “examinations” upon which he realises his existence is to depend. In the second he soon discovers that under the plausible term “selection” lurks the cruellest weapon ever forged: he sees Dick selected and Tom neglected, when it was matter of common regimental knowledge that Tom was the better man. Dick, however, had a friend in Pall Mall.

In the third place change for change sake is so systematic in its recurrence that, after a few genuine efforts at assimilation he gives it up as hopeless, convinced that the man who knows least knows most.

And so he tenders the resignation alluded to by your writer and leaves “the best and the best spoiled profession in the world” if he can afford to do so.

ET MILITAVI.

THE SECURITY OF LIFE ASSURANCE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Etherton Lodge, East Sheen, S.W., 2 Aug., 1905.

SIR,—In connexion with the statement made in the article headed “The Security of Life Assurance” which appeared in your issue of Saturday last to the effect that “the knowledge obtainable about the investments of any British Life Assurance Company is practically nil”,

I may say that there is at least one office—"The National Mutual Life Assurance Society", of 39 King Street, Cheapside—which publishes both on the back of its annual report and also in its prospectus a full list of the securities which it holds. This list has now been published for some years, and is brought up to date by a valuation made at 31 December in each year.

As regards Stock Exchange securities only is the list absolutely complete. It would obviously be impracticable to give complete details of mortgage and other loan securities, but so far as is possible "The National Mutual" furnishes full information regarding its investments—an example which other offices would do well to follow. I am, Sir, Your obedient servant,

GUY REYNELL.

THE HOLIDAY HORIZON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—After reading your excellent article on the average holiday-maker I am quite convinced that I have done a wise thing this year in deciding not to follow in the beaten track of "the commonplace type of holiday-maker". Year after year one has gone into the midst of the usual holiday crowd at the seaside, been made desperately uncomfortable in apartments for which one pays exorbitant prices, and generally been glad to get back to one's home and work. Perhaps the latter is the real boon ensured by the average holiday. I live within easy hail of Epping Forest. I have spent my holiday by daily excursions on a bicycle to places of interest out of the beaten track—like Nazeing Common, Navestock (famous as the home of Bishop Stubbs), Ongar and Grinstead, with its thousand years old church, Gosfield the prettiest village in Essex and a host of other places, getting back nightly to my own bedroom if not always to my own dinner table. It has been an ideal holiday.

E. S.

WAS SHAKESPEARE A BAD SLEEPER?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

St. Margaret's, Twickenham, 1 August, 1905.

SIR,—Might I suggest as an appropriate controversy for the silly season "Was Shakespeare a bad sleeper?" Perhaps the amazing deans and dons and deacons who have found it (presumably) sweet and decorous to lay bare their souls on the subjects "Do we believe?" and "Should clergymen criticise the Bible?" in the "Daily Telegraph" and the "Daily Mail" may be beginning to feel a little ashamed of themselves and their readers a little weary of their artless self-revelations. It is impossible, perhaps, for the British public to concentrate its soul after these highly-seasoned spiritual dishes on the big gooseberry and the sea serpent once more, but to many of those who have to remain in London in August anything connected with insomnia must have a direct personal interest.

Personally I should say that Shakespeare was a bad sleeper. The well-known lines in "Henry IV." suggest the passionate longing for sleep which only those who have experienced the long-drawn misery of a "white night" can feel. Children and grown-ups who are good sleepers do not appreciate a good night's rest as a rule, although, I think, Sancho Panza says somewhere "Blessed be he who invented sleep", or words to that effect, and I fancy the squire slept like a peasant. Again what more suggestive of a lie-awake night in London in August than

"O comfort killing night image of Hell!"

or

"O hateful vaporous and foggy night!"

in "The Rape of Lucrece".

Or again take the 27th sonnet:

"Weary with toil I haste me to my bed,

The dear repose for limbs with travel tired,

But then begins a journey in my head

To work my mind when body's work's expired."

This seems to me the true wail of the insomniac, and the sonnets are supposed to be autobiographical I believe.

Yours faithfully,

F. F. MONTAGUE.

REVIEWS.

A PROBLEM IN ELIZABETHAN POETRY.

"Willobie His Avis." With an Essay towards its Interpretation by Charles Hughes. London: Sherratt and Hughes. 1905. 10s. net.

ON 3 September 1594, just four months after the entry of Shakespeare's "Rape of Lucrece", was entered on the Stationers' Registers a poem, shortly afterwards published, under the title of "Willobie his Avis, or the true Picture of a Modest Maid and Constant Wife". Two dedicatory addresses were prefixed to it, one to "All the Constant Ladies and Gentlewomen of England that feare God", informing them that it had been written for their edification and for the exaltation of their "sweete sexe"; the other, addressed to "The gentle and courteous Reader", explains the title and gives an account of the author and authorship of the poem. Both addresses are signed Hadrian Dorrell, and the second is dated "From my chamber in Oxford this first of October". The dedicator proceeds to explain that the poem was written by his "very good friend and chamber fellow Mr. Henry Willobie" who had recently gone abroad "to her Majesties service"; that on his departure he had given his friend the key to his study, and that in his study, among other papers, the poem had been found. Dorrell then goes on to say that on his own responsibility he had determined to publish the work, though whether his friend would approve of his doing so he could not say. He had christened it "Willobie's Avis" for the following reason. In a blank sheet of paper, rolled up in the manuscript, his friend had written in large letters with rather a wide space between them—

A	V	I	S	A
Amans	Vxor	inviolata	semper	amanda

"That is in effect—A loving wife that never violated her faith is alwaies to be beloved." This, he said, induced him to suppose that his friend intended to draw the picture of an ideal or constant wife, much as Plato and More had described ideal communities. He should himself have supposed that the whole was fiction, that neither the tempted woman nor her tempting suitors had any correspondence in fact and reality. But he had found in his friend's handwriting assurance to the contrary. Willobie had left this note "I would not have Avis to be thought a politike fiction nor a truthlesse invention, for it may be that I have at least heard of one in the West of England in whom the substance of all this hath been verified, and in many thinges the very words specified; which hath induced these and many more and many greater assautes, yet, as I heare, she standes unspotted and unconquered".

The plot of the poem, which was extraordinarily popular, running through six editions between 1594 and 1635, is briefly this. The first thirteen cantos deal with the temptations to which Avis, who is a beautiful young woman serving as barmaid in a public inn, is exposed while yet unmarried: the remaining fifty-nine deal with her temptations as a married woman. It is in her temptations as a wife that the interest of the poem lies. In each licentious suitor is illustrated the several dispositions of the Italian, the Spaniard, the Frenchman, the German, and the Englishman, and how they are affected in love. The Italian, who appears as "Caveileiro", dissembles, flatters, writes poetry, and exhausts all the resources of rhetoric, and, when baffled, airily forgets his torments in a cup of wine. "D. B." the Frenchman tries all that sighs, signs, letters, presents and unwearied attention and courtesy can do, and retires also discomfited. The Spaniard is all impetuosity, passion, and fervour. The German and Englishman "being nigher of nature are inflamed by little and little, but being enamoured they instantly require with art and entice with gifts". But all is in vain, and Avis, who has a terrible and most disenchanting tongue, is more than a match for her troublesome tormentors.

At last in Canto xlv. H. W. (Henry Willobie) makes his appearance. In him appear to be united in climax all the characteristics of the other suitors, and much

more. So intense indeed becomes his passion that he is or represents himself as being on the point of death, and in this miserable case consults his familiar friend W. S. "who not long before had tried the courtesy of the like passion and was now newly recovered of the like passion". But W. S., cynically observing

"She is no Saynt, she is no Nonne
I think in tyme she may be wonne",

is content to amuse himself with laughing in his sleeve at Avis's unhappy victim; or with "vewing a far off the course of this loving Comedy, he determining to see whether it would sort to a happier end for this new actor than it did for the old player". This appearance of W. S. in the poem has given it an interest and importance far other than intrinsically belong to it, for, as we need scarcely say, conjecture has confidently identified W. S. with no less a person than Shakespeare. Before going further we may at once observe that the obvious meaning of the word "player" in the above passage is, as the context shows, player in the game of love, and has nothing whatever to do with any connexion with the stage; and thus at once goes the chief argument for supposing that the passage refers to Shakespeare.

That the enigma presented by this poem is a tantalising one everyone must admit, and it is not surprising that conjecture should have been busy with it. We will say at once that Mr. Hughes' attempt to solve it is one of the most ingenious and masterly examples of constructive speculative criticism that we ever remember to have met with. The only thing that surprises us in his most cautious and scholarly dissertation is that he should feel himself justified in asserting that "the cumulative evidence makes it almost certain that W. S. stands for William Shakespeare". His arguments briefly are these. Henry Willobie, the alleged author of the poem, was the second son of Henry Willobie of Knoell Odyern, now West Knoyle, a parish in Wiltshire, and a passage in the poem places it beyond reasonable doubt that Avis lived at Cerne Abbas in Dorset. Now Southampton's sister married Thomas Arundel, afterwards Lord Arundel of Wardour, and they, in 1593, were almost certainly living at Shaftesbury. Between 1593 and 1594 Shakespeare, as the Dedication to the "Rape of Lucrece" shows, was on very friendly terms with Southampton. In 1593 the plague was prevalent in London and nothing could be more natural, says Mr. Hughes, than that Southampton should take Shakespeare with him into the country, and nothing surely more natural than that Southampton should visit his sister at Shaftesbury. This would bring him closely into the neighbourhood of Cerne Abbas, Willobie and Avis. Willobie would almost certainly be acquainted with the Arundels, and what more probable than that he should take such an adept in love as the author of "Venus and Adonis", to say nothing of the sugar'd sonnets, into his confidence? This is constructive evidence with a vengeance! Mr. Hughes' next argument is the similarity of the form of the stanza employed in the "Passionate Pilgrim" with the form of the stanzas employed in "Avisa", and the identity of the advice given by W. S. to Willobie in Canto xlvii. with what is observed about women in a stanza of the "Passionate Pilgrim". But surely nothing can be based on similarity between such platitudes as those passages embody, namely that women are won with flattery and presents. With Mr. Hughes' third argument, which is founded on a misconception of Dorrell's words, we have already dealt. We contend then, pace Dr. Ingleby and a whole crowd of commentators, that there is nothing to justify the conjecture that the W. S. of "Willobie's Avis" has any reference at all to Shakespeare.

Nothing can exceed the ingenuity with which by minute local investigation Mr. Hughes attempts to identify Avis with one Avys or Avice Forward, baptized at Mere in 1575, her father with one of the Reeves of the Manor of Mere, and the George and Dragon at Mere as—so runs the description in the poem—

The house where hangs the badge
Of England's Saint.

His conjecture, too, that "the western side of Albion's Isle where Austine pitched his monkish tent" is to be identified with Cerne Abbas carries conviction; and highly probable also is the conjecture that Sir Ralph Horsey is to be identified with the "Caveleiro" of Avis's suitors. But the poem still remains an impenetrable and provoking problem. Of its supposed editor, Hadrian Dorrell, we know nothing. The only Dorrell found in Oxonian records was a Thomas Dorrell who graduated from Brasenose in 1595. The evidence ascribing it to Henry Willobie is equally unsatisfactory. Peter Colse the writer of a poem suggested by it, and published in 1596, evidently doubted Dorrell's account of the authorship, for he speaks of it as being by an "unknown author". Dorrell's account of the poem is full of inconsistencies. In his second dedication he speaks of its author as a young man, and certainly implies that the poem had been recently composed. In the "Apologie" prefixed to the 1596 edition he describes it as being "penned by the author at least for thirty and five yeeres since". We have seen his explanation of the title in the former dedication; in the "Apologie" he tells us that it was compounded of the Greek "privative particle A which signifieth Non and of the particle Visus, visa visum which signifieth seen", so that it means such a woman as was never seen, and then he goes on to couple it with "avis" a bird, virtues bird. Indeed the only collateral evidence in favour of Henry Willobie's authorship is the fact that the "Apologie" speaks of him as "of late gone to God", while a sort of supplement to the poem "The Victory of English Chastity" printed in 1596 is signed "Thomas Willobie Frater Henrici Willobie nuper defuncti" and we know that Henry Willobie had a brother of that name. It is possible that the whole thing may be an elaborate mystification, that Dorrell may be a purely fictitious personage and that Henry and Thomas Willobie may have no more connexion with the poem than Father Prout of Watergrasshill had with the compositions of Mahony.

A word of hearty thanks, we cannot forbear adding, is due from all lovers of Elizabethan poetry to Mr. Hughes—whose "Shakespeare's Europe" has already earned the gratitude of all Shakespeareans—for this scholarly and beautifully printed re-issue of a work which has now for the first time found a competent editor.

CATHERINE DE' MEDICI.

"Catherine de' Medici and the French Reformation."
By Edith Sichel. London: Constable. 1905. 5s. net.

AMONG the qualifications of a sound historian should certainly be reckoned some training in administrative work. Only those who have striven to enforce a principle, to train reluctant subordinates to grasp and carry out some great idea can be aware how wilfully human puppets persist in dancing to their own tune, how rapidly the purest motives become degraded as they pass from mind to mind, and how, even when the end is well in sight, some perverse unit will break away, and from incalculable motives spoil the scheme. The threads fly back, tangled and broken, into the ruler's hands. A mere ruin is left to show what he devised. But are we then, reasoning backwards from event to motive, to judge that he planned that hideous tangle, and did it for a base end? The trained administrator answers that question from the disappointments of his own experience, knowing well that though many rulers have fallen on mischief, the number of those who sought it is small indeed.

Such caution and deliberation of judgment are especially necessary towards Catherine de' Medici, concerning whom Miss Sichel has compiled an industrious and careful volume. This secret, silent Queen has impressed the minds of successive generations with mystery and awe. Many evil deeds are attributed to her, but few virtues. "The most respectable bad woman on record" says Miss Sichel; and after denying the luckless Queen-mother credit for her conduct on the rare occasions when most historians agree that she behaved well, she

seizes the taunt of the Venetian Ambassador that all Catherine's actions were dictated by a lust of rule, and adopts it as a formula. Now in history formulæ are dangerous guides. They are useful in a laboratory, but human elements do not combine with the same certainty as chemical ones. Let us examine this formula.

The Queen-mother, we are to believe, clutched at power from a selfish motive. "Everything bowed before this ambition . . . and as always, when private desires are put in the place of large aims, this resolve of hers corroded the atmosphere." But if this be a fair judgment, let it be explained who was the alternative Regent, when Montgomery's lance pierced the King's eye in the tilting yard, and left Catherine a widow with few friends, mother to a sickly King just fifteen years old and patently incompetent to take the government upon himself. In whose hands but Catherine's could the regency have been placed with even tolerable hope of peace? To which of the Court factions could she have looked for wise, disinterested guidance of a throne so shaken, of a kingdom already rent by religious strife? Was it to the Duke of Guise, with his brother, the hated Cardinal, who so nobly displayed their equity and capacity for government when, a little later, they seized the excuse of the conspiracy of Amboise to attempt the slaughter of Navarre, Condé, and the Châtillons at one stroke, a crime prevented only by the sudden death of the King? Or was it perhaps to Antoine, King of Navarre, whose weak and vacillating character frustrated Catherine's efforts to use him as a counterpoise to the excessive power of the Guises? Or to the restless, headstrong Condé, a valiant soldier, but paltry in statecraft? Coligny, the Constable Montmorency, all were impossible as Regents. There was none to whom Catherine could even look for guidance, none who could be trusted to take power in his hands, and use it wisely, moderately, for the sole welfare of the land. If she strengthened the Catholics, she incensed the Huguenots. If she relieved the disabilities of the one side, the other threatened to set the land aflame. If she stood aside, the two parties were at each other's throats. From all sides came the clash of arms; and amid these perils the Queen-mother found herself constrained to walk alone—she, a woman, friendless and a foreigner, with no arms but her subtle intellect, thrusting back now one and now another of the nobles who crowded on her, now threatening, now cajoling, ever keeping her own counsel and steering a middle course which, so long as she was able to maintain it, made for peace. If this was base, then all standards of human action are mistaken. But it was not base, and the taunt of the Venetian Ambassador, like most Court gossip, has the clang of a mere idle folly.

Catherine was no saint. She was born into the age of Machiavelli, and was doubtless familiar enough with that astounding chapter of "Il Principe" which discourses of the measure in which princes should keep faith. She was strong in ruthless common sense. She had not only the craft, but also the wariness, of Florentines; and to this hour it is as uncertain to us as to her own contemporaries whether the Massacre of St. Bartholomew was planned in all its frightful treachery, or was the sudden outburst of volcanic passions strained too far by Catherine in her diplomacy, by the King in his crazy, wanton youth, or by Guise in his thirst for vengeance for his father's murder. It is an act which has no defenders. But one may fairly say its nature was far removed from the general course of Catherine's policy; and if, as Davila thought, she did indeed project the massacre, it was only after she had sought vainly during twelve years to keep a middle course and maintain the peace. To Catherine, hemmed in for so many years between two parties, both of whom seemed to her not only dangerous but unreasonable, foolishly attached to principles to which she was indifferent, there must have come many moments of fierce anger against both. She cared for peace, which neither party cared for save on its own terms. Is it so strange if she, with her tiger's training, turned ruthlessly on the innovators at last? Let her be condemned, if it can be proved that she planned the massacre, but not without consideration of the practical difficulties of her government. It is the failure to realise these difficulties

which robs Miss Sichel's otherwise well-written volume of much of the interest it might have possessed.

A POET AS NOVELIST.

"Love's Cross-Currents. A Year's Letters." By Algernon Charles Swinburne. London: Chatto and Windus. 1905. 6s. net.

THE novel which Mr. Swinburne has published under the new title of "Love's Cross-Currents" appeared originally, under what is now its sub-title, "A Year's Letters", in a weekly periodical, long since extinct, called "The Tatler", from 25 August to 29 December, 1877. It was written under the pseudonym of Mrs. Horace Manners, and was preceded by a letter "To the Author", supposed to come from some unnamed publisher or literary adviser, who returns her manuscript to the lady with much fault-finding on the ground of morality. The letter ends: "I recommend you, therefore, to suppress, or even to destroy, this book, for two reasons: It is a false picture of domestic life in England, because it suggests as possible the chance that a married lady may prefer some chance stranger to her husband, which is palpably and demonstrably absurd. It is also, as far as I can see, deficient in purpose and significance. Morality, I need not add, is the soul of art; a picture, poem, or story must be judged by the lesson it conveys. If it strengthens our hold upon fact, if it heightens our love of truth, if it rekindles our ardour for the right, it is admissible as good; if not, what shall we say of it?" This letter, which is one of the most amusing and characteristic parts of the book, is not republished in the new edition; its mere presence makes Mr. Mosher's unauthorised American reprint more valuable than the authorised English edition. The remainder of the book (consisting of five preliminary chapters of narrative, and thirty letters) is reprinted with only occasional omissions, and with only a few very slight alterations: "coolness" for "froideur", and, in a quotation from Victor Hugo, the substitution of one line for another. The omissions are sometimes necessary, as in the case of "Ask any male novelist whether caprice is not the soul of woman", which disappears with the feminine pseudonym; sometimes wholly commendable, as in the two sentences omitted from p. 33, and in the seven sentences omitted from p. 184. The two final sentences of the first chapter, now omitted, are perhaps better away, but they are amusing enough to seem characteristic: "For the worldling's sneer may silence religion, but philanthropy is a tough fox, and dies hard. The pietist may subside on attack into actual sermonising, and thence into a dumb agony of appeal against what he hears—the impotence of sincere disgust; but infinite coarse chaff will not shut up the natural lecturer; he snuffs sharply at all implied objection, and comes up to time again, gasping, verbose, and resolute." But is there not a certain needless loss in the omission of two or three of the piquant passages in French? One is on the woman of sixty who "seule sait mettre du fard moral sans jurer avec". "Tell this; I thought it really good", says the person who repeats it; but Mr. Swinburne no longer thinks so. There is another passage in French which comes out of p. 220; it is not clear why, for it is sprightly enough, as this is also, which drops out of p. 175: "Ce sang répandu, voyez-vous, mon enfant, c'était la monnaie de sa vertu." I said I should have preferred it without the small change. "Mais, avec de la grosse monnaie on n'achète jamais rien qui vaille", she said placidly." Then follows, as we now have it: "C'était décidément une femme forte." Such, so slight, and at times so uncalled for, are the changes in this "disinterment" of "so early an attempt in the great art of fiction or creation."

In defending the form of his story in letters, Mr. Swinburne invokes the names of Richardson and Laclos and "the giant genius of Balzac". But the "Mémoires des deux jeunes Mariées" is full of firm reality, "Pamela" is full of patient analysis, and "Les Liaisons

dangereuses" is full of reality, analysis, and a hard, brilliant genius for psychology. Mr. Swinburne may have found in Laclos a little of his cynicism, though for that he need have gone no further than Stendhal, who is referred to in these pages, significantly. Someone says of someone: "I'd as soon read the 'Chartreuse de Parme' as listen to her talk long; it is Stendhal diluted and transmuted". But neither in Laclos nor in Stendhal did he find that great novelist's gift which both have: that passion for life, and for the unravelling of the threads of life. His people and their doings are spectral, lunar; all the more so because their names are "Redgie", Frank, and only rarely Amicia; and because they talk schoolboy slang as schoolboys and French drawing-room slang as elderly people. They are presented by brilliant descriptive or satiric touches; they say the cleverest things of one another; they have a ghostly likeness to real people which one would be surprised that Mr. Swinburne should ever have tried to get, had he not repeated the same hopeless experiment in his modern play, "The Sisters", which sacrifices every possible charm of poetry or deep feeling to such a semblance; to so mere a mimicry of everyday speech and manners. There is more reality in any mere *Félice* or *Fragoletta* than in the plausible polite letter-writers. It is impossible to care what they are doing or have done; not easy indeed, without close reading, to find out; and, while there is hardly a sentence which we cannot read with pleasure for its literary savour, its prim ironic elegance, there is not a page which we turn with the faintest thrill of curiosity. A novel which lacks interest may have every formal merit of writing, but it cannot have merit as a novel. The novel professes to show us men and women, alive and in action: the one thing vitally interesting to men and women.

TRAFALGAR TACTICS.

"The Year of Trafalgar." By Henry Newbolt. London: Murray. 1905. 5s. net.

PARTIAL firing continued until 4.30 when a victory having been reported to the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Nelson K.B. he then died of his wounds." The author of the above obituary notice would most likely have kicked any man overboard who ventured to call him artist, but for dignified simplicity and reticence it could not well be improved upon. "O Victory, Victory how you distract my poor brain" can be read between the lines, and the flicker of the cockpit lantern harmonises better with their spirit than the flare of lime-light. Florid word-painting would be superfluous, irreverent and unbecoming to describe the scene between decks, but the homely language of the log tunes the ear to distinguish the petulant cry of the dying man midst the roar of guns and shouts of triumph as the echo of the fight dies away to leeward. Mr. Newbolt has too much taste to use strong lights, he lets actors and documents tell their own story and leaves readers to indulge in their own emotions should they care to join the watchers in the midshipmen's berth, and be present at the passing of Nelson on the stroke of the bell in the first dog watch.

The year of Trafalgar was no exception to the general run of years, and to understand properly the course of events it would be necessary to go considerably further back than Mr. Newbolt does, but for a sketch of the last phase the 1st January 1805 is perhaps as good a date to fix upon as any other. The general position of affairs and the chase to the West Indies may be passed over for they are matters of common knowledge; when we come to the "tactics of Trafalgar" disputable ground is reached.

In his edition of the fighting instruction Mr. Corbett traces the pedigree of the ideas which inspired the memo of 1805, and starting with the general order issued on 8 June, 1798, which arranged for three separate divisions under the control of their divisional commanders, he shows that it contained three of the principles present in the plan of attack drawn up in 1805—namely, breaking up the line into divisions, independent control and concentration on the enemy's

rear; the germs of the two further principles of concealment and containing were supplied in the memo of 1803. It seems as if the exact degree to which the battle was influenced by the plan of attack must always remain uncertain and the way in which the plan should be interpreted has been argued ad nauseam but at the present day the best authorities incline to the belief that though the attack was not precisely executed on the lines prescribed, the essential principles of the memo were not departed from. The plan provided that the main assault should be delivered on the enemy's rear by the lee line under Collingwood's control, whilst Nelson with his own division and the advance squadron held himself ready to act in the manner best suited to cover the action of the lee line. On the morning of the battle the idea of having an advance squadron was abandoned, probably because the advanced ships could not have been brought together to make it up without considerable loss of time.

The enemy were sighted ten to twelve miles off standing southward on the starboard tack, when signal No. 72 was made to form the order of sailing in two columns or divisions of the fleet and by the general memo the order of sailing was to be the order of battle. Five minutes later No. 72 was followed by No. 76 with compass signal ENE, and an erroneous interpretation of this second signal has led some to believe that the British divisions approached the Combined Fleets in lines of bearing, but the clue to the correct reading of 76 is got in Article 14 of the Instructions respecting the Order of Sailing and there can be no doubt that the approach to the attack was made in two columns. Now the memo gave Collingwood a very full control of his line and at 11 A.M., about an hour after the enemy had completed the turn to the northward, he hoisted signal No. 50 with the evident intention of bringing about contact with the enemy on a line of bearing. The part Nelson set himself was to take care that the movements of the second in command were not interrupted; in holding his hand until the last minute he bewildered the remainder of the enemy's fleet and by the time he came into action his main purpose was accomplished. He had already taken steps to minimise the risk of being overwhelmed in detail by giving instructions to the frigate captains to tell the captains of battleships in his division to engage with the least possible delay. Diagrams are not much use to elucidate the facts, for very slight errors may lead to wrong conclusions, and Mr. Newbolt's chart, though ingenious, somewhat begs the question, for, basing it on the diagram taken from the "Naval Chronicle", he heads his ships for the dotted lines, which do not and cannot allow for shifts of wind and rates of sailing of the different ships in the respective fleets. His analysis of times at which the various ships came into action is also unreliable to prove his particular point that the whole of the lee line formed intentionally on a line of bearing, for no logs of the French and Spanish ships are available to check the courses and distances covered by the British. The log of the "Royal Sovereign" signal 50, answered by the "Revenge" alone of the lee line, and Collingwood's Journal are evidence of what Collingwood intended, and that is all that can be safely assumed. His despatch of the 22nd to the Admiralty is ambiguous, and none of the other ships except the "Agamemnon" in the weather division has left any record to show she took the signal in. In any case Nelson never allowed cut-and-dried rules to interfere with opportunity, and the result of the battle justified the means adopted to carry out the principles of the memo.

Even if Mr. Newbolt has not cleared away all the difficulties which have to be faced in considering the tactics of Trafalgar, he has reduced them to their true proportions and the two chapters given up to the tactical controversy contain many useful suggestions which merit the close attention of those interested in it. After some account of the gale and aftermath the book winds up with a collection of "Poems of Trafalgar". This is by way of being an anticlimax, for verse following on the Song of the Dead becomes humorous, and most of these so-called poems are turgid

odes of the early nineteenth century. We can almost hear the shade of Nelson hailing the "Téméraire": "Cap'n Harvey, I'll thank you to keep in your place".

GOSSIP ABOUT ITALY.

"Italian Letters of a Diplomat's Wife." By Mary King Waddington. London: Smith, Elder. 1905. 10s. 6d. net.

MME. WADDINGTON is a most satisfactory and satisfying gossip; we had the proof of it in her previous book "The Letters of a Diplomat's Wife". There appears to us indeed to be a certain vitality in the gossip: if anything that has happened in the last flimsy and shifting quarter of a century in the least matters to a future generation, the historical student of that generation will find in Mme. Waddington's books a lively and faithful picture of society manners and customs. For ourselves we dare aver no more than that the book under review is thoroughly entertaining. It consists of two parts: letters from Florence and Rome written to the author's mother and sister in January-May 1880 just after M. Waddington had resigned the premiership and had gone to Italy for a holiday, and letters written from Rome in February-April 1904. We thus get pictures of Roman life at the beginning of the reigns of Leo XIII. and Pius X., and great is the difference that this quarter of a century has worked in Rome and in the hearts and minds of the Romans. Some people will think that future publication was in view when these letters were written: it does not much matter: their effect is perfectly natural. The stream of pleasant babble flows along so easily and briskly and vividly that only a veritable churl could refuse to be vastly entertained. The copious references to living people she has met, whose hospitality she has enjoyed, may possibly be resented by some of them. Ouida has already written to the "Times" to protest—to protest, indeed, that she has no recollection of receiving M. and Mme. Waddington in her Italian home. But in all this we have discovered no trace of ill-nature: it is simply spontaneous American human nature, making the most of its opportunities, and thoroughly relishing the exalted state of life into which it has been called. Mme. Waddington has the gift of observation and the great merit of never labouring it. As for instance the meeting of Cardinal Howard and Dean Stanley at dinner: "The two divines were very anxious to cross swords. They were such a contrast. Dean Stanley, small, slight, nervous, bright eyes, charming manners, and a keen debater. The Cardinal, tall, large, slow, but very earnest, absolutely convinced. The conversation was most interesting—very animated—but never personal nor even vehement, though their views and judgments were absolutely different on all points". And Mme. Waddington has, too, a certain faculty of intuition which renders her judgments wonderfully sane and true. "I find Italians", she says, "delightful to live with; they are so absolutely natural and un-snobbish—no pose of any kind; not that they under-rate themselves and their great historic names, but they are so simple and sure of themselves that a pose would never occur to them".

Mme. Waddington goes everywhere, sees everything, and meets everybody. She has had interviews with the two Popes and the two Kings and Queens of Italy of the last twenty-five years. Although so thorough a woman of the world, and evidently a convinced Protestant, she has a curious hankering after ecclesiastical and "black" society. So marked is this that one carries away from the book—almost as a lesson—that the "black" people are more interesting than the "white". The description of her interviews with the Popes is striking and suggestive. Of Pius X. she says: "He gave me the impression of a man who was still feeling his way, but who when he had found it, would go straight on to what he considered his duty". This shows a penetrating judgment on Mme. Waddington's part: nothing could be truer: while most people think that this Pope (and they think it of every other Pope) will be influenced for evil in spite of himself by some mysterious power behind the chair of Peter.

NOVELS.

"At Close Range." By F. Hopkinson Smith. London: Heinemann. 1905. 6s.

We cannot recall having read any of Mr. Hopkinson Smith's stories before, and if this is a "first book" it is one of such exceptional promise as will make us look out for its successors with interest. There are nine short stories in the volume, and the short story we are told is somewhat out of favour with the generality of readers, so that the author comes forward with a more or less discredited form of fiction. His method as here exemplified is better fitted for the short story, the sketch, the "thing seen", than for a sustained work of fiction, though of course it may well be that he can also apply it to the fuller work. His theory is "that at the bottom of every heart-crucible choked with life's cinders there can almost always be found a drop of gold", and that theory is well illustrated in his rendering of these nine stories of life seen "at close range". The stories are of American life—several of them of life on the trains, or on the road as that term is understood by the commercial traveller, and these, perhaps, have rather more grip about them than those which take the reader abroad. The author, who writes tersely and well, shows that he has keen powers of observation, he is also endowed with a sense of humour and a capacity for sympathy, he can in a measure touch, as it has been said, both the springs of laughter and the source of tears, and these capacities combine to make him a welcome accession to the ranks of our storytellers.

"Hecla Sandwith." By Edward U. Valentine. London: Harper. 1905. 6s.

The story of a woman who gives her hand but not her heart, who is a wife in name only, and learns to love her husband after separation and estrangement, is not new, but in "Hecla Sandwith" Mr. Valentine has handled it in a sincere and sympathetic fashion. This book is, however, much more than a study of Hecla and her husband; it is the chronicle of a family, their dependents and their neighbours, set forth with much insight and no little grace of style. The scene is Pennsylvania, the period fifty years ago, and the fortunes of the characters are bound up with old Joshua Sandwith's iron foundry. Mr. Valentine gives us delightful sketches of the mountains and forests of Pennsylvania, and has a keen eye for the oddities and foibles of Quakers and Presbyterians, employers and employed, old and young. His book is full of nature and of human nature: it rings true. It is refreshing to meet with a novelist who gets his effects without any of the usual sensational devices, who can charm his reader by an unaffected picture of human verities. With his gifts Mr. Valentine should write even a better book than this; but even if he laid his pen aside, we should be grateful to him for having written "Hecla Sandwith", a novel well worth reading and well worth reviewing.

"The Lady of Hirta." By W. G. Mackenzie. Paisley: Gardner. 1905. 6s.

Readers who like a dash of history introduced into their fiction will find this story to their taste. It deals with a well-known episode in Scottish history known as the abduction of Lady Grange. Lady Grange, whose husband was a brother of the Earl of Mar who headed the rising of 1715, is in fact "the Lady of Hirta". The story which is told in the first person by one Ferchard Ross deals with the search for her in the lonely Hebrides and the various attempts to rescue her from her captives. The story moves rapidly and the interest throughout is well sustained. Many real characters such as Lord Lovat and Duncan Forbes of Culloden are introduced, and the author has evidently taken considerable pains to ensure accuracy of detail in his historical setting.

"Rose of Lone Farm." By Eleanor G. Hasden. London: Smith, Elder. 1905. 6s.

The writer of this book has considerable power in the creation of "atmosphere". Her story is a "breath

from the country". It is a sympathetic story of a rustic community with its quaint manners and customs, its inevitable narrowness and its unconscious humour. The characters seem to be the natural outgrowth of the country in which their simple lives are passed—Farmer Luke with his patient steadfastness, Rose with her grace and charm, and Tinker Est the wild wayward gipsy-girl. It is not difficult to recognise the picturesque old market-town which is described under the name of Cateswick.

"The Honour of Henri de Valois." By David M. Beddoe. London: Dent. 1905. 6s.

This book is not, as its title might lead one to suppose, a romance of France under the monarchy. It is a tale of Egypt and of Mahomed Ali the Greek soldier of fortune who became ruler of Egypt and whose invasion of Syria first brought Turkey under the care of the "Powers". As a story the book lacks grip. The love element has the appearance of being dragged in. But Mr. Beddoe writes of Egypt with knowledge and sympathy. His descriptions are strong and vivid, and in the character of Mahomed Ali he presents us with a living and interesting personality.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Railways and their Rates." By Edwin A. Pratt. London: Murray. 1905. 5s. net.

Complaint is often made that railway rates in this country are higher than those charged elsewhere, and that they are so framed as to favour localities which have the advantage of sea, or other, competition while pressing hardly on traders in places where some individual railway has a monopoly of the means of transport. In this book Mr. Pratt undertakes a defence of the companies, and, while admitting that both these allegations are substantially true, boldly declares that whatever is right. As to the first point, he has no difficulty in showing that for any given services railway rates in England must always be comparatively excessive. Owing to the high price of land and the cost of parliamentary procedure a company is committed to a heavy capital outlay before a single mile of its line is constructed; Board of Trade requirements in the interests of safety, though good in principle, are often carried to absurd lengths and add much to the cost of working; and the steady increase in local taxation makes the earning of even a small dividend a harder task every year. Sooner or later, too, the trader must pay for the mistakes made by the companies themselves, for the vagaries of a fighting chairman or an eccentric engineer, though as to these things Mr. Pratt is discreetly silent. English rates then must always be high, and if they vary in each case according to the degree of competition to be met Mr. Pratt shows that the charge made is always that which in the circumstances is most satisfactory—to the company concerned. A useful comparison is made with the railways of foreign countries and a short account is given of the growth of the railway systems of France, Germany, Belgium, Holland, and Denmark. But the best chapter in the book is that dealing with the most serious problem now before English lines, the alarming growth of local taxation, and what Mr. Pratt has to say on this subject should be carefully read by all stockholders though they will find little of comfort in the facts set out.

"Porcelain." By Edward Dillon. **"Miniatures."** By Dudley Heath. (Connoisseur Library.) London: Methuen. 1905. 25s. net each.

"Porcelain" is an admirable account of the subject by a learned and scholarly writer. In the early chapters a scientific basis is laid by an inquiry into materials, the processes of shaping, glazing, colouring and firing. Then the history of the art is traced from its origin in China through the various dynasties that have given their name to its varieties. Japan follows, and then the European imitations in Germany, Holland, France, Italy, England and other countries. The literature of porcelain is now a very large one. We can recommend the reader who wishes a general and trustworthy view to this volume. It is well illustrated by black and white reproductions, and also by a number of colour plates that give a useful indication of the tints of the originals.

Mr. Heath's companion volume aims at supplying a handbook to its subject more generally available than Dr. Probert's standard work. It may also be recommended to the many students of an art which had so splendid a history in England. At the present day "miniature" means something more than a photograph, since it is usually a photograph spoiled by the attempt at prettifying. A study of the Older art as Holbein gave it to us might be the starting point of worthier

efforts, so we may hope that not only the collector will have recourse to the book, but that the art-student also may obtain a glimpse from it of what the miniature has been and might be, and take the examples of modern work that Mr. Heath hesitatingly includes as examples to avoid.

"Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers." New Edition, edited by G. E. Williamson. Fifth and concluding volume (S-Z). London: Bell. 1905. 21s. net.

In noticing the previous volumes of Mr. Bryan we have called attention to the quantity of fresh matter that they contain and to the excellence of some of it. We have also pointed out how loose the system of editing has been, resulting in a want of proportion among the articles, and of methodical construction in a great many of them. The fifth volume has the merits and defects of the rest. Mr. Cook's "Titian" may be taken as an example of the better sort of article. The editor has been able to include useful accounts of Watts and Whistler among artists recently deceased. On the other hand Mr. Gleeson White's appearance in these pages is rather surprising, and appears to be explained by his position as adviser in art matters to a large publishing firm.

"The Peace of the Anglo-Saxons." By Major Stewart L. Murray. London: Watts. 1905. 2s. 6d. net.

Major Stewart Murray has been at pains to assist in rousing the country and particularly the working classes to a proper sense of the importance of our food supply in time of war. He now makes an appeal to the "Anglo-Saxon" race, whatever that may be—the definition being sometimes rather confusing because we do not quite know whether he means the people who make up the empire or the British and American nations combined—to take whatever measures are necessary to ensure command of the seas. "Imperial Anglo-Saxon defence" he says "should be the special care of all who love peace and liberty". "All the world over may the Anglo-Saxons cling together close and closer—now and for ever." He talks of "our foolish, our madly foolish policy" which ended in the revolt and loss of the American Colonies—a judgment on "Anglo-Saxon" history hardly borne out by a full knowledge of the facts. His ultimate aim is "the eventual reunion of the whole of the Anglo-Saxons in one gigantic peace-compelling federation", but the aspiration is so vague and so vast that he has to put it in italics. The best part of his book is his reminder to "organised labour" that "peace is a lull between the storms of war", and the work at least enjoys the distinction of a blessing by Lord Roberts, who contributes a short preface on the necessity of "National Training, Organisation and Self-sacrifice".

"A House of Letters." Edited by Ernest Betham. London: Jarrold. 1905. 10s. 6d.

This book consists mainly of the correspondence of Miss Matilda Betham in the early years of the nineteenth century. Miss Betham belonged to an old Suffolk family, and, as some specimens of her work in this volume show, possessed a rather pleasant gift of verse. She corresponded with Charles Lamb, and several of his letters to her are very choice. Whether any or all have been already published, the editor does not say: such unpublished letters would be a valuable literary discovery; but in any case it is natural enough that the editor should include them in this book. These, with the really charming reproduction of a miniature of Queen Victoria by Sir William Ross, are the features of general interest in "A House of Letters". We cannot say that much of the correspondence between Matilda or Mary Betham and her two or three friends of fashion are of any but family or local interest.

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 1 Août.

There is an excellent article in this number on the "Pensées" of Pascal, or perhaps we should say on Pascal as a religious apologist, and a very fair account of English policy in Tibet. We have found much new and instructive matter in a paper on the French régime in Rome from 1809 to 1814. It is quite certain that Napoleon had a great affection for the Eternal City and earnestly desired to see it loyal and contented (his son took his title from Rome), but M. Madelin the writer makes clear the extraordinary mistakes that attended the French domination from the beginning. The grandiose and magniloquent proclamations to the inhabitants made no impression upon them, they had no desire to see revived the glories of the Scipios and their contemporaries. The régime of the Pope and his satellites was an absurd and illogical one, but it exactly suited the people and they resented from the first the interference of the French in their affairs. The most embarrassing part of the resistance for the strangers was a general strike of all functionaries from prefects and judges to scavengers. This state of things continued practically throughout the four years of French rule; no man of position could be found to take office unless he was himself a mauvais sujet. The whole episode is highly instructive, and shows how unfit was the revolutionary spirit with its fixed ideas to govern other peoples, and also how even a genius like Napoleon may fail in a conflict with opinion.

THEOLOGY.

"The Religion of Israel; an Historical Sketch." By R. L. Ottley. Cambridge: University Press. 1905. 4s.

Dr. Ottley is more of a dogmatic theologian than an historian and he is happier in writing on the theology of the Old Testament than in writing on its history; this book is a distinct improvement on the "Short History of the Hebrews". He traces the growth of the religious beliefs and practices of Israel, from the standpoint of the higher criticism, and does it with care and completeness, spite of the small size of the book; while his own religious enthusiasm and reverence give him real sympathy and insight into his subject, and make criticism strengthen his faith. It is true that the student who has read much of recent Old Testament literature will find very little that is new in Dr. Ottley's book; it is mainly a compilation from other works and if we took away all the quotations there would not be much left. But the compiling is well done, and for a popular sketch of Old Testament theology we do not know of anything better; laymen should buy this book, if only to learn what an enormous advance in understanding the Scriptures can be made by realising the times and circumstances in which the various books were written.

"The Church of the Fathers; being an Outline of the History of the Church from A.D. 98 to A.D. 461." By L. Pullan. London: Rivingtons. 1905. 5s. net.

It is anything but an easy task to write a short history of the early Church; and Mr. Pullan's book suffers from compression; we should have liked more footnotes and references to fuller works on the subject; but on the whole he has produced a useful piece of work. He writes from the strictly orthodox and High Church standpoint, but his learning is wide and accurate, and an opponent would find it hard to catch him tripping; yet there is a tendency to brush away objections instead of answering them, and to mention awkward facts without noticing the conclusions which opponents draw from them; thus the earliest form of the baptismal formula, and the origin of the Episcopate are disposed of in two paragraphs, and there is nothing as to the conclusions which some scholars have drawn from the Ordination prayers in the Canons of Hippolytus, nor as to the possibly spurious nature of the Sardican Canons. On other points, such as Gnosticism, Mr. Pullan contrives to give a very good description in a comparatively moderate space, and his book improves as it proceeds. Altogether it is a book which students, and especially those already on Mr. Pullan's side, will find valuable for reference and information; but we doubt whether it will prove an introduction or a stimulus to further study.

"Pro Fide: a Defence of Natural and Revealed Religion." By C. Harris. London: Murray. 1905. 10s. 6d. net.

Mr. Harris' text-book on Christian apologetics like Mr. Pullan's on early Church history, will be extremely useful to those who are already on his side and are in need of a short, clear, able statement of their case; but we doubt whether it would convince an opponent. We ought not of course to expect too much, and it would be in any case expecting too much to look for a detailed defence of Christianity both on its historical and on its philosophical side in one moderate-sized volume. But in manner and style Mr. Harris' book is more calculated to strengthen a friend than to convert a foe; the various Theistic and Christian positions are concisely stated, possible objections brought forward, insufficient answers dismissed, and then with a triumphant "the right answer is this" the sledge-hammer is brought down. Now this is most valuable for the hard-worked preacher or lecturer: he looks up his objection and finds the answer ready for him, and as a rule it is a very good answer; but just the ease and sureness of it all might make an opponent impatient, while this way of presenting the case gives the impression that all the objections to Christianity are equally weak and all the answers equally strong. It is a book therefore more suitable for one's own use than for presentation to others; but any one who would work through it and consult some of the bigger treatises mentioned at the end of every chapter ought to be able to give a good account of the hope that is in him. We should add that the writer frankly welcomes the methods of the higher criticism, and accepts its results with regard to the Old Testament; but he has not attempted to lighten the ship by throwing overboard his belief in the miraculous.

"Modern Criticism and the Book of Genesis." By H. A. Redpath. London: S.P.C.K. 1905. 1s. 6d.

In reading the works of the higher critics we generally feel that their main conclusions are sound, but their interpretation of individual passages is often forced and unfair; and as the general conclusion should be the result of all the particular instances, it is of course proportionately weakened thereby. Dr. Redpath is accordingly quite justified in subjecting such a book as Professor Driver's commentary on Genesis to a detailed examination, and in asking whether the passages

(Continued on page 190.)

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quoted as evidence of late authorship, of discordant account, and of scientific or historical error, really all bear the construction put upon them; some of them we confess have appeared to us so weak, that we have concluded there must be a deeper meaning in the words which only advanced Hebraists can see the bearing of. Dr. Redpath has some criticisms on Dr. Driver's handling of texts in Genesis which are quite worthy of attention; but it is one thing to criticise a few details in an opponent, another to establish a position of one's own; here Dr. Redpath is less happy, and we fancy that Dr. Driver could retaliate with effect, if he wished.

"Village Sermons." Second Series. By the late F. J. A. Hort. London: Macmillan. 1905. 6s.

Dr. Hort was a really great man; but though what he wrote was always weighty it was seldom interesting, as readers of his "Introduction" know to their cost. And the like verdict must be passed on these sermons; it is impressive to see a scholar of his learning and ability striving to give his very best to the country folk with whom he had to deal; but the result is an almost excessive simplicity of style and simplicity of thought; it verges upon the ordinary; and we must confess that the sermons strike us as being highly conscientious but a trifle dull. Yet here and there genius shows itself in the easy power of expressing a great deal in a few words; and the description of the thoughtless crowd as those whose life "is spent wholly between unwilling work and the most senseless enjoyment" is severe but true, and not easily forgotten.

"On Theological, Biblical and Other Subjects." By Robert Flint. London: Blackwood. 1905. 7s. 6d. net.

We took up this book with expectancy and laid it down with disappointment. Dr. Flint's "Theism" and "Anti-theistic Theories" were really fine books, and we hoped that the present volume would contain more work worthy of the author's reputation; but we only get reprints of articles not worth reprinting. Five very ordinary addresses to divinity students, six articles on Biblical theology of a standard that most clergymen could produce with the aid of the Cambridge Bible for Schools, some lectures on Socrates, and on Egyptian and Chinese religion, suitable to an audience of young ladies, and two articles on a Scotch ecclesiastical crisis in 1882—that is all. Bishop Stubbs confessed frankly that he republished his early lectures because he was fond of correcting proof-sheets. Dr. Flint may share the same passion; but there is not the same excuse for him that there was for the Bishop.

For this Week's Books see page 192.

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Visitors will find First Class Hotel Accommodation at the "LAMB" Family Hotel, which is situated close to the Cathedral. MODERATE TERMS. Omnibus meets all trains.

Proprietor, S. AIREY.

EXETER. OSBORNE HOTEL.—Well situated

between Queen Street (S.W.R.), and St. David's (G.W.R.) Stations, and very near the City and Cathedral. Home comforts and moderate charges.

W. C. WILLIAMS, Proprietor.

CLEVEDON, Somerset. SEASIDE HYDRO HOTEL.—

Holiday, Health, and Pleasure Resort. Near Golf Links and Pier. Good centre for excursions by road, rail, or sea. Resident Physician. Fine Baths. Liberal Table.—SECRETARY, Hydro, Clevedon, Somerset.

HARROGATE. CROWN HOTEL.

PATRONISED BY ROYALTY. The most comfortable, select, and conveniently situated Hotel in Harrogate. Immediately adjoining Pump-room and Royal Baths. Enlarged, refurbished and re-decorated throughout. Illustrated tariff sent on application to F. H. FOGG, Mgr.

TAESCH, near Zermatt. GRAND HOTEL PEN-

SION TAESCHHORN.—First-class Establishment, with every modern comfort. Pension, 7½ to 8½, inclusive. Residence and Wine. Electric light. Special hotel for English families. Ten minutes from Zermatt by train, 1 hour on foot. Near Weissbörn, Nadelbörn, Rimplishörn, Taeschhorn, Teufelsgrat, Alphubel, &c. LUC GSPONER, late Proprietor Hotels Bellevue and Schweizerhof.

THE
**POOR CLERGY RELIEF
CORPORATION**

38 Tavistock Place, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.

ESTABLISHED 1856.

President: The Lord BISHOP of LONDON.

**The Convalescent and Holiday Fund for
the Poor Country Clergy.**

The Committee of the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation earnestly ask for Contributions to their Fund for granting Help to Country Clergymen and to those in Provincial Towns suffering from overwork and weakened health, to enable them to obtain a few weeks' rest and change. Cases are frequent where for six, eight, or ten years—sometimes even longer—a Clergyman has not had a single Sunday from his parish.

It is requested that all sums sent for this special purpose may be marked "Holiday Fund."

The Society also makes large grants periodically from its General Fund in times of emergency, and is the only Institution of the kind which gives immediate assistance to the Clergy, their Widows, and Orphan Daughters in all parts of the Empire. At each fortnightly Meeting of the Committee some hundreds of pounds are distributed in this way.

Cheques should be crossed "London and Westminster Bank," and made payable to the Secretary, Mandeville B. Phillips.

MANDEVILLE B. PHILLIPS, Secretary.

Offices of the Corporation:

38 Tavistock Place, Tavistock Square, W.C.

LA REVUE

(Ancienne "Revue des Revues").

La plus répandue et la plus importante parmi les grandes revues françaises et étrangères, nouvelle série agrandie, sur papier de luxe, articles inédits de premier ordre, collaborateurs les plus illustres, etc. etc., paraît le 1er et le 15 de chaque mois.

Un an 28 fr.; 6 mois, 16 fr.

Les nouveaux abonnés pour 1905 recevront gratuitement tous les numéros à partir du 1er Octobre 1903, c'est-à-dire 30 Nos. pour 24 et 3 magnifiques gravures choisies parmi les chefs-d'œuvre du Musée du Louvre, sur papier de Chine (d'une valeur d'environ 30 fr.).

Spécimen gratuit sur demande.

PARIS: 12 AV. DE L'OPÉRA. DIRECTEUR, JEAN FINOT.

**PUBLIC
OPINION.**

Among this week's features are:

RELIGIOUS SUPPLEMENT.

THE GERMAN "MENACE"
IN THE REVIEWS.

"THE WORST HOUSEWIFE"
IN THE WORLD:

Another Indictment of the Englishwoman.

PUBLIC OPINION. 2d. weekly.

Offices: 6 BELL'S BUILDINGS, FLEET STREET, E.C.

GLEN DEEP, LIMITED.

Notice to Shareholders.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the EIGHTH ANNUAL ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING OF SHAREHOLDERS will be held in the Board Room, The Corner House, Johannesburg, on Wednesday, 18th October, 1905, at 11 A.M., for the following business:—

- (1) To receive and consider the balance sheet and working expenditure and revenue account for the year ending 31st July, 1905, and the reports of the directors and auditors.
- (2) To elect two directors in the place of Messrs L. Meyersbach and J. N. Webb, who retire by rotation in accordance with the provisions of the Company's Articles of Association, but are eligible, and offer themselves for re-election.
- (3) To elect auditors in the place of Messrs. Howard Pim and C. L. Andersson & Co., who retire, but are eligible for re-election, and to fix their remuneration for the past audit.
- (4) To transact general business.

The Transfer Books will be closed from 18th to 24th October, 1905, both days inclusive.

HOLDERS OF SHARE WARRANTS TO BEARER wishing to be represented at the Meeting must deposit their Share Warrants, or may at their option produce same, at the places and within the times following:—

- (a) At the Head Office of the Company in Johannesburg, at least 24 hours before the time appointed for the holding of the meeting.
- (b) At the London Office of the Company, 1 London Wall Buildings, London Wall, E.C., at least 30 days before the date appointed for the holding of the Meeting.

By order of the Board,

H. A. READ, Secretary.

Head Office, The Corner House, Johannesburg,
1st August, 1905.

LANGLAAGTE DEEP, LIMITED.

Notice to Shareholders.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the EIGHTH ANNUAL ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING OF SHAREHOLDERS will be held in the Board Room, The Corner House, Johannesburg, on Wednesday, 18th October, 1905, at 3 P.M., for the following business:—

- (1) To receive and consider the balance sheet, working expenditure and revenue account for the year ending 31st July, 1905, and the reports of the directors and auditors.
- (2) To elect two directors in the place of Messrs. L. Meyersbach and Ben Bradley, who retire by rotation in accordance with the provisions of the Company's Articles of Association, but who are eligible, and offer themselves for re-election.
- (3) To elect auditors in the place of Messrs. C. L. Andersson & Co. and J. N. Webb, who retire, but are eligible for re-election, and to fix their remuneration for the past audit.
- (4) To transact general business.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 18th to the 24th October, 1905, both days inclusive.

HOLDERS OF SHARE WARRANTS TO BEARER wishing to be represented at the Meeting must deposit their Share Warrants, or may at their option produce same, at the places and within the times following:—

- (a) At the Head Office of the Company in Johannesburg at least 24 hours before the time appointed for the holding of the Meeting.
- (b) At the London Office of the Company, 1 London Wall Buildings, London Wall, E.C., at least 30 days before the date appointed for the holding of the Meeting.
- (c) At the Compagnie Française de Mines d'Or et de l'Afrique du Sud, 20 Rue Talbott, Paris, at least 30 days before the date appointed for the holding of the Meeting.

By order of the Board,

H. A. READ, Secretary.

Head Office, The Corner House, Johannesburg,
1st August, 1905.

BONANZA, LIMITED.

From the MANAGER'S REPORT for June 1905.

Total Yield in fine gold from all sources 4,326'785 ozs.
Total Yield in fine gold from all sources, per ton milled 10'068 dwts.

WORKING EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

On a basis of 8,600 Tons Milled.

	Cost.	Cost per Ton.
To Mining	5,867 17 10	0 13 7'755
Development Redemption	860 0 0	0 0 0'000
Crushing and Sorting	307 11 4	0 0 8'383
Milling	1,002 13 1	0 0 3'680
Cyaniding Sands	1,141 3 8	0 1 2'890
Slimes	537 13 9	0 1 3'665
Sundry Head Office Expenses	493 0 7	0 0 11'247
	10,140 2 3	1 3 6'980
Profit	9,057 8 0	1 1 0'765
	£19,197 10 3	£2 4 7'745

	Value.	Value per Ton.
By Gold Account—		
Mill Gold	11,251 1 8	1 6 1'984
Cyanide Gold	6,950 16 10	0 16 1'977
	18,201 18 6	2 2 3'961
Interest Account	995 11 9	0 0 3'784
	£19,197 10 3	£2 4 7'745

NOTE.—The 10 per cent. Tax on Profits which is payable to the Government of the Transvaal has not been allowed for in the above figures.

No Capital Expenditure was incurred during the month.

DIVIDEND No. 13.—An Interim Dividend of 25 per cent., or five shillings per share, was declared by the Board of Directors on the 5th June, 1905, and is payable to all Shareholders registered in the books of the Company at the close of business on 10th June, 1905, and to holders of Coupon No. 13 (Thirteen) attached to Share Warrants to Bearer. The dividend will be payable on August 4th, 1905.

NOTE.—A letter has been received from Mr. Spencer, the late Manager, pointing out that certain passages in the Chairman's speech at the Annual Meeting held in March, 1904, are liable to give the impression that the revised figures that were then laid before Shareholders dealing with the estimated shorter life and smaller profits were arrived at by the engineers of Messrs. H. Eckstein & Co., without the assistance or knowledge of Mr. Spencer. The Board therefore wishes to make it quite clear that the drop in the value of the mine was in the first place reported by Mr. Spencer himself to the Directors in 1903. A thorough inspection of the mine by the engineers of Messrs. H. Eckstein & Co. then took place, and the results, as soon as arrived at, were placed before Shareholders in a circular issued in October, 1903.

H. B. PRICE, Manager.

F. M. CECIL, Secretary.

LONDON & COUNTY BANKING COMPANY LTD.

Registered under "The Companies Acts." Established in 1836.

CAPITAL £8,000,000, in 100,000 Shares of £80 each.**REPORT adopted at the Half-Yearly Ordinary General Meeting, the 3rd August, 1905.****The Hon. GEORGE JOACHIM GOSCHEN, M.P., in the Chair.**

The Directors, in submitting to the Shareholders the Balance-sheet for the half-year ending 30th June last, have to report that, after paying interest to Customers and all charges, making provision for bad and doubtful debts, and allowing £23,256 2s. 11d. for rebate on bills not due, the net profits amount to £264,065 17s. 1d. From this sum has been deducted £50,000 carried to Reserve Fund (raising it to £1,400,000), leaving £214,065 17s. 1d., which, with £66,391 1s. 3d. balance brought forward from last account, leaves available the sum of £280,456 18s. 4d.

The Directors have declared a Dividend for the half-year of 10 per cent., which will require £200,000, leaving the sum of £80,456 18s. 4d. to be carried to the Profit and Loss New Account.

The Directors have appointed Charles John Hegan, Esq., to a seat on the Board, in the place of William Anastasius Jones, Esq., whose decease was referred to at the last General Meeting.

The Dividend, £2 per Share, free of Income Tax, will be payable at the Head Office, or at any of the Branches, on or after Monday, 14th August.

BALANCE-SHEET*Of the London and County Banking Company Limited, 30th June, 1905.*

Dr.		£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	Cr.
To Capital subscribed £8,000,000					By Cash at the Head Office and Branches, and with Bank of England	7,992,034	13	2	
Paid up		3,000,000	0	0	Loans at Call and at Notice, covered by Securities	3,472,986	5	6	
Reserve Fund		1,400,000	0	0	Investments, viz. :—				11,425,020 18 4
Due by the Bank on Current, Deposit, and other Accounts, including provision for Contingencies		44,813,391	7	3	Consols registered and in Certificates (at 85), New 2½ per Cents, and National War Loan (£6,894,491 7s. 11d., of which £511,000 os. od. Consols is lodged for Public Accounts); Canada 4 per Cent. Bonds, and Egyptian 3 per Cent. Bonds, Guaranteed by the British Government	6,660,948	6	7	
Liabilities on Acceptances, covered by Cash, or Securities or Bankers' Guarantees		2,322,237	12	10	India Government Stock and India Government Guaranteed Railway Stocks and Debentures	1,022,911	5	9	
Rebate on Bills not due carried to next Account		23,256	2	11	Metropolitan and other Corporation Stocks, Debenture Bonds, English Railway Debenture Stock, and Colonial Bonds	1,694,689	5	3	
Net Profit for the half-year, after making provision for Bad and Doubtful Debts		264,065	17	1	Other Securities	16,744	13	5	9,395,293 11 0
Carried to Reserve Fund		50,000	0	0	Discounted Bills Current	8,734,347	4	3	
Profit and Loss Balance brought from last Account		214,065	17	1	Advances to Customers at the Head Office and Branches	13,115,973	16	5	26,900,301 0 8
		66,391	1	3	Liabilities of Customers for Drafts accepted by the Bank (as per Contra)				2,322,237 12 10
					Bank Premises in London and Country, with Fixtures and Fittings				816,498 18 2
									£30,839,342 1 4
									£30,839,342 1 4

Profit and Loss Account.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
To Interest paid to Customers	94,091	2	1	By Balance brought forward from last Account	66,391	1	3
Salaries and all other Expenses at Head Office and Branches, including Income Tax on Profits and Salaries, Auditors' and Directors' Remuneration	321,828	13	9	Gross Profit for the Half-Year, after making Provision for Bad and Doubtful Debts, and including Rebate £27,434 10s. od. brought from 31st December last	793,241	15	10
Carried to Reserve Fund	50,000	0	0				
Rebate on Bills not due, carried to New Account	23,256	2	11				
Dividend 10 per cent. for the Half-year	£200,000	0	0				
Balance carried forward	80,456	18	4				
	280,456	18	4				
	£769,632	17	1				
							£769,632 17 1

Examined and audited by us,

(Signed)

J. ANNAN BRYCE,
GEORGE J. GOSCHEN,
W. HOWARD, } Audit Committee of Directors.G. J. RODOLPH, Head Office Manager.
RICHD. LEMON, Country Manager.
G. K. SMITH, Chief Accountant.London and County Banking Company, Limited,
17th July, 1905.

In accordance with the provisions of the Companies Act, 1900, we certify that all our requirements as Auditors have been complied with, and we report that we have examined the Balance-sheet and Profit and Loss Account, dated the 30th June, 1905, have verified the Cash-Balance at the Bank of England, the Stocks there registered, and the other investments of the Bank. We have also examined the several Books and Vouchers and certified Returns showing the Cash-Balances, Bills, and other amounts set forth, the whole of which are correctly stated; and in our opinion the said Balance-sheet and Profit and Loss Account are properly drawn up, so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the Company's affairs as shown by the books of the Company.

(Signed)

GEO. H. FABER,
HY. GRANT,
THOS. HORWOOD, } Auditors.London and County Banking Company, Limited,
20th July, 1905.**LONDON & COUNTY BANKING COMPANY LIMITED.**

Notice is Hereby Given that a Dividend on the Capital of the Company at the rate of 10 per cent. for the Half-year ending 30th June, 1905, will be Payable to the Shareholders either at the Head Office, 21 Lombard Street, or at any of the Company's Branches, on or after Monday, the 14th instant.

21 Lombard Street, 4th August, 1905.

By order of the Board,

F. J. BARTHORPE, Secretary.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

Printed for the Proprietors by SPOTTISWOODE & CO. LTD., 4 New-street Square, E.C., and Published by REGINALD WEBSTER PAGE, at the Office, 33 Southampton Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of London.—Saturday, 5 August, 1905.